THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, N°. 6, for June, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. Portrait of Mr. KEAN.
2. Fashionable COSTUME for July.
3. PATTERN for a SHAWL, SCARF, &c.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

To gratify our fair Readers with a description of the *Ladies' Dresses* at Her Majesty's late *'Drawing-Room*, we give, in our present Number, eight additional pages, exclusively devoted to that object.

The remarks on the "*'Drawing-Room*" we cannot insert—being determined to confine ourselves, on such subjects, to plain matters of fact, without comment of any kind.

"*St. Stephen's Chapel*," however humorous and well written, does not suit us, as we deal not in *politics:* but we should be happy to be favored with the writer's thoughts on other subjects more consonant to the plan of our miscellany.

The conclusion of "*Modern Life delineated*," which has been unavoidably postponed—and

Mr. Webb's "*Lines for a Young Lady's Sampler*," which came too late for insertion in our present Number—shall both appear in our next.

The "*Lines to a young Lady, from her Cousin*," are wholly unfit for publication.

Master "*Archibald*"—with all his archness, as he may fancy it—cannot obtain admission into our pages.

"*T. W.*"—"*Martha*"—and "*A Grey Spinster*"—are under consideration.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

For JUNE, 1814.

A Discovery.

—

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir, *Worthing, May* 16.

I am a widow, and support myself by letting lodgings. About six months since, a gentleman engaged apartments in my house, and agreed to board in the family way with me; for which I was to receive a fair and adequate compensation. My lodger appeared to be a respectable man of the middle age, but in a very indifferent state of health, and I was perfectly satisfied with his behaviour. He paid me a month in advance; and I did not trouble myself to send to London to make any inquiries concerning him. He passed most of his time in his own chamber, writing; and once, when I went to set his room in order, I had the curiosity to peep into some of the loose papers, which were scattered about, and which appeared like fragments of letters; and I found them filled with the names of so many grand people, dukes, marquisses, lords, and ladies, that I had a very strong suspicion of his being in fact nothing less than a nobleman *incog.* as they call it—his connexions being people of such high rank.

Filled with this idea, I was not in the smallest degree apprehensive of any thing amiss, when I found his payments not quite so regular as I could have wished. He even condescended to make a very polite apology, saying, that "he had been disappointed of a sum which he had expected to receive, and should be obliged to claim my indulgence some time longer;" and, pointing to a very large portfolio, or letter-case, which appeared to be crammed full of something, and was secured with a lock, he added, "In that portfolio, Mrs. Stubbs, there is sufficient to satisfy your demands at any time."—I thought it rather odd of him to keep it there, if he really had it: but, not wishing to appear importunate, I only said, that "I would wait his convenience."

Unfortunately, however, the poor gentleman grew worse and worse.—I repeatedly urged him to send for some of his great friends: but he only answered with a melancholy smile and a shake of the head; and sometimes my request seemed to give him pain; and he persisted in saying he should soon be better. But, alas! sir, he died one night, after having eaten a moderate supper, and appearing more cheerful than usual.—I was sadly terrified, and called in my neighbour Mr. Reddiman, who afforded me all necessary assistance; and together we proceeded to examine the effects of the deceased; when, to my great surprise, I found his trunks were mostly filled with old books, and dirty writings. His wardrobe we found very scanty; and that, with an old silver watch and a tortoise-shell snuff-box, would not have fetched sufficient to discharge his arrears to me—to say nothing of the expense of his burial.

I instantly thought of the portfolio; and my hopes began to revive. We unlocked it, and examined its contents, in expectation of finding some bank-notes: but our search

proved fruitless; for we only found a heap of papers in his own handwriting, without the slightest appearance of any thing like a bank-note, except one of the *flash* penny-notes, which, from a memorandum written on the back of it, appears to have been palmed on him for a pound-note.

Disappointed and mortified, I turned again to the papers, thinking that I might meet with a direction to some of his correspondents or relatives: but my neighbour Reddiman no sooner cast his eyes over them, than he began to laugh—"Odso!" cried he—"this is a discovery! Why, Mrs. Stubbs, this nobleman of yours turns out to be an author—one of that class who live by their wits; and a poor living it is for many of them. All those grand titles, which you built so much upon, are of his own creating. Look! here is the Duke of Drelincourt, Earl of Ellesmore, and Baron Brionville. My good woman, no such personages are to be found in the Peerage: they are all imaginary characters; and many a luckless wight, while he deludes his fancy with descriptions of the grand *fêtes*, balls, and banquets, of these visionary nobles, forgets for the time that he is writing in a miserable chamber by the light of a halfpenny candle, with an empty stomach, and pockets as empty."

You might have knocked me down with a feather, while my friend was making these remarks. "But," said I, "Mr. Penwell told me there was enough in the portfolio to satisfy all my demands."—"Do you not know, my good madam," replied he, "that authors always consider their manuscripts as valuable property; and this might be the case, if booksellers and readers were of the same opinion.—What the value of these may be, we cannot yet tell: but here is what I propose, if agreeable to you. I will myself be at the expense of bestowing on the poor gentleman something of a decent funeral, without troubling the parish; and I'll take my chance for repayment, either from his relatives, if we can find them out, or from the future produce of these papers, if they should prove to be valuable; and that, I think, we can soon ascertain. Our worthy curate is not only very humane and obliging, as we all know, but likewise a very excellent scholar, as I have heard good judges say; and I have no doubt that he will very cheerfully take the trouble of examining these manuscripts, and will form a right judgement of their value, and point out the best way of disposing of them to advantage."

I approved this plan: the poor gentleman was decently buried at my neighbour Reddiman's expense; and Mr. Goodman, our curate, having kindly and attentively examined the manuscripts, recommended, as the best mode of disposing of them, that we should send them to Messrs. Robinson, for publication in the "*Lady's Magazine*"—not doubting that they would consent to pay a reasonable sum for the copy-right.

I accordingly send them for inspection; and, hoping that they will meet your approbation, I am, sir, your humble servant,

MARTHA STUBBS.

*** Having examined Mrs. Stubbs's packet, which we found to contain some interesting Fragments, remarkable Characters, amusing Anecdotes, local Sketches, and other pieces of various descriptions, calculated to afford either useful information or agreeable entertainment—and having allowed what we thought a reasonable consideration for the copyright—we intend occasionally to present our fair readers with some of the pieces, under the general title of

The Author's Portfolio;

and we here begin with the following—

Friends *in* London, *and* Friends *in the* Country.

"Rare doings, Debby! rare doings!" exclaimed farmer Cropland to his wife, as he pointed to a letter which he had just been reading. "This will be a gay *'size* week for you and Kate. Why, who, do you think, is coming down from *Lunnon*?"

"La! sure, now, how can I guess?" replied the simpering dame. "Come, tell us."

"Why, some folks you little dream of, mistress, I warrant. Here I've got a letter from *Master* Dashman, and a mortal civil one too, I can tell you. But I'll read it to you: for mayhap it may puzzle you, being a cramp sort of hand, with some hard words in it."

"Dear Sir," that's me you know —"Having occasion to come to L***, as witness on an approaching trial, and understanding that it will be a difficult matter to procure beds at such a busy time, I shall be particularly obliged, if you can accommodate me for a night or two: and, as Mrs. Dashman has never been in that part of the country, she will take the opportunity of accompanying me. A friend of mine, who is also subpœna'd, will be with me. If you have a bed to spare for him, it will add to the obligation.—Yours sincerely, "George Dashman."

"Well! I declare, now, he writes like an old acquaintance," said Mrs. Cropland—"quite free and easy too, you see."—"Ah! that is the way with the *Lunnon* folks," returned her husband. "But now, Debby, you must bustle. These are not every-day visitors; and so we must give *'em* our best, you see: for I warrant they are used to genteel behaviour; though I can remember the time when Mr. Dashman was not quite so well in the world as he is now: but that's nothing."

"Well, Kate," cried the busy mother, "we shall have our hands full. Now let me see: we must coop some of our best pullets; and we must get the white chamber ready; and you must sleep with Sall, that the strange gentleman may have your bed; and we must look up the crockery, and get all the cracked ones replaced; and we must send no more butter to market till our company is gone, for fear we should run short; and we must tap that cask of strong beer."

"Why, I thought, mother," returned Catharine, "that you meant to keep that 'till father's birth-day, when we were to have a merry-making with some of our neighbours."

"Why, so I did, Kate," returned Mrs. Cropland thoughtfully.

"No matter," cried Cropland. "When our friends come to see us, let's make *'em* welcome.—And here, mistress, is five pounds, to get something smart for yourself and Kate."

The women, well pleased, hurried away to make the necessary preparations, as they had only three days to complete their arrangements in. These, however, they made sufficient; and, at the commencement of the fourth, Cropland farm, in point of neatness and comfort, might vie with any mansion in the county.

The expected guests at length arrived—Mr. and Mrs. Dashman in a gig, and the other visitor on horseback. Cropland was for a moment at a loss how to dispose of the chaise and horses, having no regular stabling; but, by dint of activity and good management, he soon provided shelter for them, though he was obliged to expose some of his own beasts to a night's rain.

Dashman and his wife were de-

lighted with every thing, and did ample justice to the good cheer set before them; as also did their friend Mr. Townshend. In fact, they made themselves quite at home, and were so agreeable and so affable, that the good dame could not feel more than a moment's vexation at seeing every thing (as she called it) at *sixes and sevens* while they staid.

The assises over, they took leave of their hospitable entertainers with the most cordial expressions of esteem, assuring them how happy they would be to see them in London.—This last civility was not lost upon Mrs. Cropland, who, with many thanks, declared, that, "if she could prevail upon her master to give them such a treat, she should be most happy, as she wished her girl to see a little of the world: but she very much doubted whether he would indulge them so far."

It, however, so happened, that, in the course of the ensuing winter, Cropland had some business to transact in London: and, as the price of travelling had lately been reduced by an opposition coach having started, his wife did not fail to remind him, that, as it would cost very little, he might as well let them have a peep at London; adding, that she was sure Mr. and Mrs. Dashman would give them a hearty welcome.

"I have no doubt of that," returned Cropland: "but, dear heart! I could never take the liberty of writing to say we are coming. However, as it has turned out, you may as well go up with me; and then we shall see *what's what.*"

Overjoyed with this unexpected compliance, the fair Kate and her mother prepared for their journey, and arrived in London with anticipations of the most pleasing kind. —As the counting-house of Mr. Dashman was in the City, near where the coach put up, Cropland deemed it the readiest way to hasten thither in hopes of catching him before he went home to his dwelling-house, which was in a distant part of the town. He accordingly desired his wife and daughter to remain at the inn, while he went to apprise his good friend of their arrival. He was fortunate enough to meet with him as he expected: but Mr. Dashman was seated at a high desk, deeply engaged with his books. Cropland bustled up to the desk, with a "How do you do, sir? I hope you are very well?"

"Very well, thank you:—Mr. Cropland, I believe:—how are you, my good sir?

"Purely, thank you, sir; and so is Debby, and so is Kate. Would you believe it, sir? they teased my heart out, till I brought them to *Lunnon.*"

"Why, surely you did not bring them up at such a time of the year as this? it must be shocking travelling."

"Oh! they did not mind that: they would not take nay."

"At what part of the town do they lodge? I must tell Mrs. Dashman to call upon them."

"Oh! I left them at the inn just by, where the coach puts up—sore against their will, I can tell you: but I thought I'd just come and say that they were arrived.—I reckon they'll be in a fine fright till I get back."

"I dare say they will: but the inns in town are very safe:—sit down, a minute, while I enter a few articles:—I will talk with you presently."

Cropland sat down for about a quarter of an hour in the expectation of some further notice from his good friend. At length Mr. Dashman took his hat; and then, as if just recollecting Cropland, he said—"I am so confounded busy to day, I

shall not be able to go home to dinner: perhaps you will go and take part of a chop with me at Wood's?"

Cropland hesitated: he thought of his wife and daughter—of the suspense and uneasiness that his protracted stay would occasion them; yet he was unwilling to return without the invitation they so much desired, and which was now so necessary, as they had no acquaintance in London.—"It is not an expensive house," said Dashman: "so you need not be afraid:—besides, if you please, I will frank you."

"No! dang it!" returned Cropland jocosely—"I *be'n't* so shabby neither: I always pay my own reckoning:" but a secret impulse of wounded pride would have dictated a different answer to this insulting speech, had not existing circumstances compelled him to pass it over for the present.

To dinner they accordingly went, and were joined by Mr. Townshend, to whom Dashman introduced his country friend, as if he had been an entire stranger. During the repast, the two Londoners conversed together on subjects, in which Cropland could not possibly take a part. At length the disconcerted farmer arose, saying, "My wife will be alarmed, if I stay much longer: so I must beg to be excused."

"Do not let us detain you a moment longer than is convenient," returned Dashman. "Pray, make my best compliments to Mrs. Cropland and your daughter; and tell them not to leave town without calling in Montague Street. Let me see—My wife spends this evening at your house, Townshend?" to which the other replied—"Mrs. Townshend told me she expected her."

"To-morrow," rejoined Dashman, "we dine at Clapham: but I believe we shall be *en famille* the next day. At any rate Mrs. Dashman is always disengaged from two till four:—you will not forget" . . . .

"No, no, sir! I shall not forget," repeated Cropland; and snatching up his hat in a fit of ill humour which he could scarcely conceal, was hurrying away. "Mr. Cropland," said Townshend with a yawn, "I hope you will look in upon us in Bouverie Street.—Mrs. Townshend will be very glad to see you"

"At what hour is she disengaged?" asked Cropland drily.

"Upon my soul, I can hardly tell," replied Townshend, turning it off with a forced laugh:—but I dare say you will find one of us at home."

"I dare say I shall," rejoined Cropland significantly; and, hastening away, he stopped at the bar, and paid his share of the expenses, which amounted to fifteen shillings. —"So much for *Lunnon* hospitality," muttered he to himself.

On his return to the inn, Cropland found his wife and Kate in a state of the greatest alarm, which his gloomy looks did not tend to dissipate.—"Mercy on us, Mat!" exclaimed his wife: "I am glad you are come. We thought no less than that you had been robbed and murdered: but, sure, something has happened! you look sadly down in the mouth!"

"Now, dear mother," said Kate, interposing, "do not begin to scold at father for staying. I told you he would find it a hard matter to get away from Mr. Dashman."

"You are a young simpleton," muttered Cropland; "and I am an old fool. However, I have bought some wit to day; and *rabbit* me if it is not the best pennyworth I ever got!"

"Well, but, father, what does Mr. Dashman say? When are we to leave this noisy, disagreeable place? I declare I am almost frighted out

of my wits—there is such ringing and swearing, and slamming of doors."

Why, for matter o'that," replied Cropland, " you may leave it as soon as you please: but, if you wish to see any thing of London, while you are here, this must be your home."

" You are dreaming, sure!" cried his wife. " Did not Mr. and Mrs. Dashman both say how glad they should be to see us in London?"

" And so they will," returned the farmer, " if you call *between two and four o'clock*, the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Cropland and her daughter were unable to comprehend him, until he explained what had passed; when their chagrin and indignation broke forth in invectives more just than elegant.

" Aye, aye!" said Cropland—" I guessed you would be in a pretty quandary: but it cannot be helped. 'Thank God, I can put my hand in my pocket, and please myself: and, though our fine friend wished to save the expense of bed and board at an inn at '*size* time in the country, he shall find that I can treat my family without his assistance."

This consoling reflexion, in some degree, mitigated the severity of his disappointment; and he was as good as his word.—After having indulged his wife and daughter with a week's ramble in London, they returned, nothing loath, to their own peaceful and comfortable home, without once intruding upon their kind friends in Montague or Bouverie Street.

It happened, however, that, on account of the trial having been put off, Dashman was again obliged to attend at the assises; and again, with his companion Townshend, he rode to Cropland Farm, thinking the old man was too ignorant and too inoffensive to resent the slight he had experienced in town. But Cropland, though a man of no education, possessed a good understanding, and a keenness, which his town acquaintance was not aware of. Being at work in his garden when they arrived, he was told *who* waited at the gate. The boy was running to take the horses, when his master called him back.—" Stop a bit," said he.—" Here, wife! Kate! Sall! Dick! step here! and I will show you how they receive country friends in *Lunnon*."—Then snatching up a gridiron, he hurried to the front door, and, looking through it in imitation of Dashman peeping through the rails of the desk, he cried, " Ah! Mr. Dashman! how are you?"

Dashman, thinking him a little in liquor, was not sorry to find him so facetiously disposed.—" You did not expect to see me, I suppose," said Dashman.

" No, indeed," returned Cropland. " Where do you lodge? At the Red Lion, I suppose. You need not be afraid: the inns here are very safe.—I am confoundedly busy just now: my wife is going to take tea with neighbour Smallage this evening: you'll look in upon us before you quit the country;" and, with these words, he walked away, leaving Dashman to make what he could of such a reception; while the assembled rustics laughed in his face.

Dashman, completely disconcerted, rode away; while Townshend, who was not so much in fault, muttered execrations between his teeth.

As soon as they were out of sight, Cropland began to rub his hands, in ecstasy, exclaiming, " Egad! I have paid off the *Lunnon* gentry in their own coin! I know, such plain homespun folks as we *ben't* fit company for fashionable folks. Well, then, let them keep their proper distance; and we will keep ours, I warrant. But

this will serve as a lesson to Mr. Dashman — and to any other fine *Lunnoner* who may chance to hear of it—and will teach him, that, if he thinks proper to quarter himself and friends upon humble hospitable country folks, putting their house in confusion, and themselves to expense, they have a right to look for a little civility in return; nor should he be surprised, if he finds they have spirit enough to resent a breach of good manners, as well as those who think themselves their betters."

A PEEP *at my* NEIGHBOURS; *or,* ASMODEUS *in the* COUNTRY.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

I have lately fixed my residence in a neat market town, within two hours' ride of a fashionable watering-place, where I can alternately enjoy the tranquillity of rural life, or mix in the gaieties which the alluring haunts of dissipation present. Many people indulge themselves in railing against the society which a country town affords, and assert that the sole amusement it offers is merely that of inquiring into and relating the affairs of one's neighbours. They add, that people there individually pretend good-will or friendship for the purpose of getting a footing in your house, that they may, by sifting out your family secrets, or making their own observations upon your domestic arrangements, acquire a fresh stock of information to circulate among their more intimate connexions.

For my own part, although I may not entirely escape the vigilance of those prying visitors, I esteem myself peculiarly fortunate in being generally exempt from the evil of which so many have cause to complain, namely, that of being slandered and satirised by those very persons who force themselves into the company of a new resident, with every outward profession of regard and admiration. No! I enjoy the happy consciousness that the most industrious retailer of scandal in the whole neighbourhood will never speak ill of *me:* but, on the contrary, if any generous or charitable action is done, any extraordinary deed of disinterestedness performed, or any public advantage derived by the efforts of an individual, it is immediately, by hint, insinuation, or plain speaking, ascribed to *me*.

Perhaps some of my skeptical readers will inquire how I know that this is the case? To satisfy them on that head, I must relate an extraordinary circumstance, which occurred soon after I came to reside in this place.

In compliance with the persuasion of some of my acquaintance, whose taste was regulated more by fashion than nature, I had ordered half a dozen bottles of soda-water. The first I tasted was sufficient to satisfy me; and the others remained untouched on a shelf in my study. I had been taking a walk one fine afternoon, and, finding myself somewhat fatigued, sat down in my easy chair, and was just composing myself to enjoy what I call my forty winks, when the sudden explosion of one of the bottles completely roused me; and, looking round, I beheld—not, as I expected, the soda-water pouring over my best brown coat, which hung beneath the shelf—but a grotesque diminutive figure, which advanced with a smiling, I may say grinning, aspect, toward me.

" Be not alarmed, sir," said he: " you have nothing to fear. I visit you as a friend; and, although a stranger in this part of the world, may be able to render you some service. My name is Asmodeus: I had

once the honor of being the intimate associate of your grandfather's kinsman, Don Cleophas, of" . . . .

"Bless my heart!" cried I, interrupting him: "are you that same devil, who" . . . . .

"No harsh names, sir, I beg," said the diminutive personage, interrupting me in turn. "The good people of this place would be shocked, were they to hear me thus designated. I appear here only in disguise" . . . . .

"In disguise, truly," replied I with a hearty laugh: "for who would have dreamed of your being in a soda-water bottle?"

"I have been in stranger places than that," returned Asmodeus: "and, if you feel inclined, I will relate to you my adventures: but first you shall tell me how you like your present situation? and what you think of your neighbours?"

"That I will do most readily," said I. "The place suits me exactly: it is a clean, respectable town; and I have experienced the most polite attention from all my neighbours."

"You are fortunate," replied Asmodeus: "but, as it is not prudent to judge of people upon a very slight acquaintance, I may perhaps do you a service by taking you on a few excursions, when you may have an opportunity of viewing them in their own domestic circle. At any rate, it will amuse you."

"I understand you," said I. "We are to take an invisible survey of what is going on in the mansions of my neighbours: but, my good friend, I do not think our discoveries will pay us for our trouble: this is not the land of intrigue and adventure: people here are of a more steady, domestic turn; and I question whether the plan you propose would afford us any diversion."

"Fear not," returned Asmodeus. "Human nature is every-where the same: every one sacrifices, in some degree, to outward show: but I can reveal many little secrets, which would never meet the public eye. So, give me your list of acquaintance; and we will take flight without loss of time."

I took out my pencil, and wrote down their names on a slip of paper, which I immediately handed to my supernatural visitor.—"Ha!" said he, on looking over the list, "you have cut us out a pretty piece of work: so now to business. Come! slip on your coat, and take my arm."

I obeyed his order, and, before I could utter another word, found myself seated on the ledge of the drawing-room window at Mrs. Arbitrate's house.

"The room is empty," said I peevishly. "Of what use is it to waste time here?"

"The ladies will come from the dining-parlour in a few minutes," returned Asmodeus: "and I will employ the interval in telling you what I know of the fair mistress of this mansion. Her father was a tradesman in this town, who, by dint of close attention to business and the strictest economy, amassed considerable property. He would leave no stone unturned, to make a good bargain; and this his eldest daughter was a girl after his own heart. As she too had always an eye to business, no romantic tender passion ever tempted her to disobedience; but, in compliance with her father's wish, she became the wife of a wealthy grazier about twenty years older than herself. She is now a person of considerable consequence in this place, and, having no occasion to trouble herself about her own affairs, very good-naturedly undertakes to arrange those of her neighbours."

"Has she no children then?" I inquired.

"Three," replied my companion: "but the management of a nursery is too mean an employment for a woman of her talents; and she has consigned the troublesome brats to other hands, while her house may not improperly be called the agency-office, since almost all the business of the town is carried on here."

"But, my good friend, you speak of *her* house, as if Mr. Arbitrate was a non-entity."

"He is indeed a mere nobody at home, though a respectable worthy man to all who know him: but he is so completely subjugated by his *better half*, that he has no voice in his own house. It is Mrs. Arbitrate who gives all orders, invites all company, opens and answers all letters; and there is no surer way of obtaining her good graces, than to apply to her for advice upon any occasion. —If any of her neighbours wish to change their residence, she will tramp the town over till she finds a house to suit them:—if they want a servant, she can contrive to get one at the shortest notice:—she knows how to purchase goods cheaper than any body else, and is always eager to propose alterations and improvements in your house and furniture, by which she has an opportunity of recommending certain tradesmen, who are thereby laid under the obligation of letting her have what she wants upon her own terms."

"There is nothing glaringly absurd or criminal in this," said I: "but I cannot say that I admire those meddling sort of women; and I think I shall listen to her with less complacency, than I did when she last favored me with a visit, now that I have learned to appreciate her obliging offers, which, by your account, are generally made with a view to her own advantage."

"As you please," returned Asmodeus. "But the ladies are approaching: we have now nothing to do, but listen; and perhaps, like other listeners, we shall hear more evil than good of ourselves."

(*To be continued.*)

The Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page* 216.)

During the absence of Lord Delafonte, Marina's morning hours were agreeably passed in the society of her beloved benefactress, and the amiable marchioness. At the pressing entreaties of the former, she had confided to her the history of her mother, and the sacrifice she had offered. The tears she shed during her recital, awakened sensations in the breast of Mrs. Montague too powerful to be concealed.

"My God!" she exclaimed—"and is my darling child to be the victim of her father's duplicity? can the sacrifice of *her* happiness alone induce *him* to be just?—Alas! the ways of heaven are dark and intricate; and it is not for weak and erring mortals to explore its mazes. In the hour of my despair, I impiously arraigned its justice: but my presumption was brought down by the arrows of affliction. Oh! Marina! when I recount to you the wounds they made, you will acknowledge that your mother's sufferings were inferior to mine:—but I will not at this time increase the pain you feel, by a detail which would rend your heart."

Marina had never inquisitively pried into the cause of that silent sorrow, which, at one particular period of the year, was always visible in the aspect of her kind friend: she was grieved at having unintentionally called forth the remembrance, and immediately changed the conversation to a more pleasing subject. The history of Mrs. Mervil, related in

language which proved the interest she took in her concerns, gradually recalled the mind of Mrs. Montague from the contemplation of her own unhappiness; and she concurred with Marina in hoping every thing from the powerful influence of Lord Delafonte

The marquis, upon his arrival at Ormville, had thought it necessary to invite Sir William Manby and his family to the Park, that he might present Marina to the only remaining relatives of her mother. That uncle, who had unceasingly accused himself as the original cause of his niece's extraordinary elopement, and whose partial fondness might have roused him to resent the treachery she had experienced, was no more! From the phlegmatic disposition of his son he had nothing to fear: no injuries, no insults, could rouse his pusillanimous spirit; and the younger branches of the family had no other knowledge of that relative, than what was handed down to them by the inscription on the monumental vase in the wood, which had been erected by their grandfather. The marquis'es invitation was therefore most readily accepted, and immediate preparation made for their visit to Ormville.

Meanwhile Marina found, from the conversation of the marchioness, that she should experience every rational gratification in her society, when she could no longer enjoy that of Mrs. Montague. An elevated understanding, which never evinced itself by any assumed superiority, rendered her at once intelligent and agreeable. —Ever indulgent to those weaknesses which spring from too great sensibility, she was severe only on those actions which originate from corrupt principles. The marquis esteemed those virtues in her, which he could not imitate himself; and, although he had never loved any woman except Marina's mother, he respected the character of the marchioness too much, not to feel awed by her superior excellence. He knew her aversion to Lord Macduff, and almost dreaded the force of those expostulations, which he was convinced he must encounter, whenever he declared the engagement of his daughter to a man whom she so much despised. The information which he had delayed from day to day, he now determined to postpone till the arrival of Sir William Manby, whose concurrence he was certain of obtaining, and whose presence would give weight to his authority.

One morning the marchioness told Marina with a smile, that she was half offended at her never having expressed a wish to be introduced to the antiques of her family.—"'Tis true," said she, "these inanimate busts can afford you no great entertainment: but I wish my amiable daughter to be acquainted with those venerable personages, from whom I have the pride to boast my descent."

Marina requested she would not punish her impolite omission, by concealing them from her view any longer.

"Come, then," said the marchioness—"follow me:" and she instantly led the way to a long picture-gallery situate on the north side of the house.—"Here," continued the marchioness, as she leaned on the arm of Marina, "you behold my ancestors handed down to posterity by successive generations, from the eleventh century to the present hour. Here are warriors, who were the bulwarks of their country — prelates, whose sanctity was the essence of true piety—their devotion untinctured by bigotry—their humility unfeigned: neither pride nor superstition tarnished the unblemished pu-

rity of their lives.—Here are courtiers, who have dared to be sincere —ladies uniformly virtuous.—These are the ancients:—we will now approach the moderns."—Marina assented to the eulogium; but she turned without reluctance from those grim reliques of ancestry, and with pleasure surveyed the whole-length figures of a lady and a gentleman, of whom it was difficult to say, which was the most to be admired—the former for its beauty, or the latter for its dignity. "These are my parents," said the marchioness: "and this," said she, pointing to another figure, "is the sister of my choice: for I was an only child, and never tasted the sweets of fraternal affection. It is the portrait of Lady Delafonte: and that picture on her left hand is the exact representation of her excellent brother. The virtues delineated in every feature are but a faint copy of the valuable original: — language cannot do him justice.—In the regions of happiness, he is now experiencing the reward of those inestimable virtues which were disregarded by his misguided father.—To openness, bravery, and generosity, he united every compassionate feeling: he was the defender of injured merit, the child of pity, the offspring of philanthropy."

The tear, which now stole unbidden from the eye of the marchioness, was accompanied by sympathetic drops from those of Marina: her attention was fixed in mournful silence on that manly countenance, which was the image of his son.—In the panegyric of the father she read his eulogium; and her heart exulted in the resemblance. "It is Colonel Mervil," she exclaimed with enthusiastic fervor: "and could not that heart, which beat responsive to another's woe, find one kindred mind to raise the offspring of thy virtues from the shades that obscure them?"

"And do there still exist," cried the marchioness in an animated tone, "any children of the beloved friend of my youth?—Oh! tell me, dearest Marina; but tell me with caution.—I am unable to support the tumult of my feelings."

Marina was alarmed: she saw the marchioness trembling in every nerve, and with difficulty led her to a seat opposite the picture that had raised her emotion.—She entreated her to pardon the involuntary error she had committed, and then, with affectionate caution, related to her the accidental manner in which she had become acquainted with Mrs. Mervil and her family. But the energetic warmth, with which she dwelt on the perfections of the son, created a suspicion in the breast of the marchioness, which afterward became Marina's best advocate for the continuance of her regard.—She ended with declaring the reasons of Lord Delafonte's absence.

"Excellent young man!" exclaimed the marchioness—"thou art worthy to be the son of thy admirable mother!—But the agitation of my spirits, my dear Marina, will not suffer me to stay with you any longer. I will retire to my dressing-room; and, when I have calmed the perturbation which your discovery has excited, I will return to you again: but do not quit the gallery till you see me."

Marina had neither fortitude nor inclination, had she requested the contrary, to quit the spot on which she left her.

The image of Mervil, graceful, manly, yet replete with gentleness, seemed standing before her.—Those moments, most dear to her remembrance, when she reaped instruction from his discourse, and was flattered by the friendship which his every action discovered, now repassed, in pleasing survey, before her imagi-

nation. The vain pageantry of greatness faded to her mental sight; while the charms of humble felicity, more congenial to the retired propensities of her nature, presented themselves arrayed in all the vivid colors of a partial and youthful fancy.—How unavailing are the sage maxims of Philosophy! how fruitless the lessons of Wisdom!—The mind will involuntarily turn to the contemplation of those scenes, however dangerous to our peace, which have been interesting to our feelings.—Marina had endeavoured, by every effort of reason, to banish a remembrance so fatal to her repose: but, in those moments when judgement, uniting with prudence, had almost acquired the victory over her inclination, some unfortunate circumstance ever arose to rob her of this valuable conquest. Her conversation with Lord Delafonte, and her interview with the marchioness, too powerfully revived a partiality which had by imperceptible degrees penetrated the inmost recesses of her heart. The figure of Colonel Mervil awakened all those sensations of regret which the idea of her intended marriage never failed to inspire. In a mind so delicately refined as Marina's, nothing less than that filial piety, which animated her soul, could have prevailed on her to offer such a sacrifice as she had consented to make. That piety still rendered her steadfast: and, although every succeeding hour more and more strongly convinced her, that, in a union with Macduff, nothing but wretchedness would be her lot; she resolved, whatever it might cost her, to fulfill the engagement she had entered into.

Lost to every other idea, she still sat musing on the seat where the marchioness had left her, when the door at the other extremity of the gallery opened, and she saw young Tudway on the point of entering. Without scarcely knowing what she did, she was hastily rising, when the marchioness, from another door, made her appearance. The servant who was ushering in young Tudway, no sooner beheld the marchioness, than he informed him that they must retire; and, before Marina had recovered from her confusion, he was gone.

Such a variety of strangers came occasionally to view Ormville Park, that the object, which had called the rosy blush into the cheek of Marina, passed unnoticed by the marchioness. The lovely maid had recovered her wonted composure, and began an interesting conversation upon the subject of effecting, if possible, a reconciliation between the marquis and his brother's family: she assured her she would concert some plan, when Lord Delafonte returned, to bring about this desirable event. After taking several turns in the gallery, they separated; and Marina retired to her dressing-room, with the additional pain of knowing that young Tudway was in the house; and that, if discovered by her father, he would certainly suppose it was with her concurrence.

(*To be continued.*)

How to make a Wife *miserable.*

Caroline Howel was the only daughter of an opulent merchant in the city of Bristol. Her personal attractions were not conspicuous; but she was far from plain or disagreeable; and her manners were so unassumingly amiable, that, although she did not attract a numerous train of admirers, those who once ventured to address her became so interested in the pursuit, that they could not readily be persuaded to relinquish their pretensions. Caroline, however, remained

heart-free: she was a girl of too much sense, to be caught by a mere showy exterior; and having, at an early age, imbibed a few romantic notions of conjugal felicity, she was unwilling to bestow her hand upon any man, unless conscious of feeling for him a determined preference, and a preference sanctioned by her understanding.

Her father, aware of this, and being in the decline of life, was fearful that she would become the dupe of her own susceptible feelings, and sacrifice herself to some designing fortune-hunter, who might assail her credulity by affected sentiments of disinterestedness. He was therefore particularly anxious to see her settled during his life-time, and singled out, as his future son-in-law, a young man who was, of all others, the least agreeable in the eyes of his daughter, who perhaps was endowed with more penetration, than her father imagined her to possess.—Mr. Howel, though a man of probity, and an affectionate parent, was austere in his manners, and of an arbitrary temper. Caroline had ever been accustomed to pay him implicit obedience: and now, in an arrangement which must so completely determine her future fate, she knew not how to oppose the wishes of a father to whom she equally paid the tribute of love and the homage of fear.

George Middleton, the destined husband of Caroline, was bred to the law, and had just commenced practice at the time he was introduced to Miss Howel. He was a young man of very promising abilities, and so respectably connected, as to afford him a flattering prospect of success in the profession. He was agreeable in person, and extremely well calculated to win female favor—being gallant, facetious, frank, and animated.

Caroline felt that no reasonable objection could be made to the person selected by her father: yet, while she owned herself to be pleased with his society, and flattered by his assiduities, her heart did not sanction the consent given by her lips; nor even was that consent accorded, until extorted from her by the united entreaties and threats of her father.

Middleton, it is possible, did not know the exact means by which he obtained the favor: we will suppose he did not, as otherwise it would argue an almost unpardonable want of generosity and sensibility on his side, to accept a hand so reluctantly given. He appeared delighted with the acquisition; and, when Miss Howel became Mrs. Middleton, all her acquaintance agreed in asserting that she was the luckiest girl in the world.—Her father hesitated not to assure her that Middleton would make the best of husbands; and it must be her own fault, if she was not the *happiest of wives.*

Caroline flattered herself into a persuasion that all these assertions must eventually prove true: and, for a time, she had every reason to be satisfied with her lot.—She made it her sole study to gratify and amuse her husband. Accustomed to implicit obedience from her earliest years, she found it quite natural to accommodate herself to the will of him who was now the master of her destiny; and, while ardent affection, kept alive by the charm of novelty, induced her husband to treat her with politeness and respect, she found obedience a task in no degree irksome.

Unfortunately, however, a temper naturally despotic always acquires augmented violence, when it meets with no opposition; and Middleton possesses that sort of temper. The docility of his wife has led him to

think meanly of her understanding; and, from finding her always unresistingly gentle under trivial irritations, he imagines he may play the tyrant with impunity.—Every anxious desire to please, expressed by Caroline, now draws from him a peevish exclamation of—"How childish!"—"How ridiculous!"—"Do you think I can attend to such nonsense?"—If she asks his opinion of any article of dress, his answer is, "You look a fright in it"—or "One would imagine you thought of nothing but finery."

These rebuffs, though probably they are the mere ebullitions of the moment, savour too much of harshness and indifference, not to occasion Mrs. Middleton the most heartfelt chagrin and uneasiness. It is true, her husband does not wound her feelings by any flagrant misconduct: he denies her no indulgence that money can procure: but she would willingly compromise for less ostentatious marks of regard, than what he is in the habit of bestowing, to secure those nameless tender assiduities to which most women attach the highest value.

Nor is Middleton's character exempt from a certain portion of duplicity: he is a worldly-minded man; and, though profuse in expenditures which served to gratify his selfishness or support his pride, he is meanly penurious in his domestic economy; a circumstance, which frequently places his wife in a most awkward dilemma; as he wishes it to appear that every retrenchment or privation, to which his household have to submit, is occasioned by her: and his constant address to his servants is—"Your mistress disapproves of it"—"Your mistress wishes such a dish put aside"—"Your mistress does not choose you to go out," &c.—If there be any apparent deficiency or palpable omission at table, though by his own previous order, he exclaims, "Have you no pastry, Caroline? really you are very inattentive"—or, "What! only a plain joint to day, Caroline? Upon my word, you do not make your friends welcome. Was there no poultry to be had?"

Upon such occasions, Mrs. Middleton can only blush. To contradict her husband, would draw upon her his displeasure: to apologise would be both an impeachment of her own want of hospitality, and a breach of candor, which she cannot bring herself to commit. Sometimes she ventures so far as to say, "Why, indeed, Mr. Middleton, I did not know"..... When her husband, fearful of what may follow, stops her short with, "Come, my dear, you will only make things worse:—women never know any thing, poor souls!"—"Well, but, Mr. Middleton, if you had mentioned"..... "Mentioned what? That's a good one! You might as well ask me why I did not cook the dinner.—My dear, Mr. Harrison has no gravy!"

By these happy turns, Mr. Middleton has the character of a most hospitable man, a most agreeable companion, and a most forbearing husband;—Mrs. Middleton, of a genteel, well-behaved woman, very inexperienced, very formal, and rather niggardly in house-keeping.

I am sorry I cannot conclude my story in the usual felicitous way, by asserting that the amiable gentleness of Caroline has completely effected the reformation of her husband, as I write from fact, and as the eyes of my hero are not yet opened to the cruelty and injustice of his conduct toward a most estimable woman. But, should this narrative meet his eye, he will recognise the portrait, and may perhaps be in-

duced to make such an alteration as will admit of my giving it the desired finish. As it is, Mrs. Middleton is still the suffering wife of a man to whom she has ever been the most faithful and submissive companion, who by tenderness and consideration might have secured her affections, but who, by an injudicious exercise of authority, sacrifices domestic happiness to public opinion, and deludes himself with the idea that he *is* what his acquaintance call him—the best husband in the world—because he neither beats his wife, stints her purse, nor keeps a mistress.

The author of an admirable work * observes, that, "Though the bold and prominent lines of character are to be found in acts of higher importance, manners are only to be delineated in the lesser incidents of social intercourse:" and in no instance can the justice of this observation be more fully proved, than when such inattention to trifles lays the foundation of unhappiness in the married state. Serious deviations from rectitude are punished by the contempt and censure of the world: but want of delicacy and feeling, evinced in every-day occurrences, falls not beneath the public eye, and wounds only those who least of all should feel the sting, and whose sufferings are not even assuaged by the healing balm of commiseration. T.

On EPITAPHS.

MOST travellers, in the course of their peregrinations, indulge in the pensive amusement of visiting the church-yards of the towns and villages they pass through, to read or to transcribe the memorials of the humble dead. In those solemn repositories of human nature, they can learn the names, and scan the characters, of those who have acted their parts in the rustic drama for generations past. Then, some verse, though sung by a muse unknown to fame, may feast the judicious mind, in which the sober graces of morality and the attractive beauties of poetry are happily blended: but, ungrateful sight! full oft some miserable trash meets the observant eye, which, so far from furnishing mental improvement, or inviting to serious thought, is calculated only to provoke laughter. As a proof, I shall quote a verse inscribed on a stone in a village church-yard in Cambridgeshire

"Here *lies* interred beneath this stone
The bones of a true hearty one,
Who lived well, and died better,
And sings in heaven Glory for ever."

Such lines as the above, as Blair says in his "Grave," are

"Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan
cheek."

Looking into Knox's "Winter Evenings," a few days since, I met with the following observations, to the truth and propriety of which I could not but give my assent.—The intelligent author, after expatiating upon this subject, observes—"For the credit of the country in the eyes of foreigners as well as natives, I think it would be right, if the rectors and vicars of parishes were to claim the privilege of revising and correcting the epitaphs, which are to be consigned to posterity by the faithful marble. It might indeed be considered as an infringement of liberty, if they were to assume a right to dictate the matter of an epitaph: but to reform the style, and to prevent the appearance of ridiculous and ungrammatical inscriptions, would be to consult the honor of the defunct, and of the surviving

* Owen

friends. Every epitaph, at least from the meaner people, should be submitted, in manuscript, to the clergyman of the parish, before it is given to the stone-cutter to be indelibly engraved. Travellers would then visit the repositories of the dead with improvement and rational pleasure; for the pleasure, which they now often derive from laughing at the absurdity of the tomb-stone, is such as reason cannot approve."

Evening 38th.

Passing through a country church-yard lately, I met with the following epitaphs, which, I think, are not below mediocrity, and are, I conceive, superior to most memorial verses, which are seen in the sacred repositories of the village dead.

The first, on a farmer, presents the following serious and salutary address to the reader—

"Reader, indulge th' impressive solemn pause!
Soon thou must yield to death's imperious laws.
Thy heart and flesh must be the first that fail;
And thou a traveller through this gloomy vale,
Soon in the dust thou must recline thy head,
And take thy tenure with the silent dead.
Nothing can then insure thy bliss above,
But pard'ning mercy through redeeming love.

The second is a brief expressive epitaph on a young assistant teacher at a charity school—

"Like hers, be mine (no other good I crave)
A blissful hope beyond the gaping grave."

The last is on a gardener, written by his son, an ingenious young man of promising abilities—

Rest, gard'ner, rest! thy toil is o'er,
And nature owns thy skill no more.
Death's ruthless scythe hath fell'd thy bloom:
His rake hath dragg'd thee to the tomb:
Yet from thy latent germ may rise
Perennial blossoms in the skies.
Hope prompts and reason owns the line;
For honesty and truth were thine.
And did he e'er his neighbour wrong?
Reader, go ask the village throng:
They, knew the man.—Rest, gard'ner, rest!
Till mercy joins thee with the blest."

While transcribing epitaphs, I hope it will not be deemed irrelevant to the subject to mention the following singular circumstance, communicated to me by a clergyman.—In a church in Wiltshire, there is a sumptuous monument, with a long Latin inscription, erected to perpetuate the memory of a gentleman of infamous character. Opposite to this memorial is another monument, for a doctor of physic, whose "graven record" is designed as a satire on its splendid neighbour. What follows is a correct copy—

'Tis not the tomb, in marble polish'd high,
The sculptur'd urn, or glit'ring trophies nigh,
The classic learning on an impious stone,
Where Latin tells what English blush'd to own,
Can shroud the guilty from the eye of God,
Incline his balance, or avert his rod.
That hand can raise the cripple and the poor,
Spread on the way, or gather'd at the door,
And blast the villain, though to altars led,
Who robs the living, and insults the dead."

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 207.)

Mr. Middleton, to Philip Sydney, Esq.

YOUR intelligence was wrong, Sydney. Miss Lenox is not married. Brudenel, who sometimes steals a few moments from his pleasures to write to me, has sent me a pacquet of fashionable news. He mentions the recent marriage of Lord William Mandeville: but the lady, Sydney, is not Lord Granville's daughter: she still bears the name of Lenox. Selfish, narrow-minded mortal that I am! because this invaluable gem was placed far out of my reach, I could

not bear to see it in the possession of another. But Brudenel's epistle has tuned my soul to harmony and peace again; and I can now coolly communicate to you the events that occur within my observation.

Last week, true to his appointment, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fortescue, and we greeted each other with the utmost cordiality. That elegant young man is so mild, modest, and gentle in his manner, that he is greatly beloved by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. We had not been long in conversation, when a gentleman entered the room, whose appearance in a moment attracted all my attention.

My God! of what materials is my soul composed, that I am for ever agitated by some new and undescribable emotions? The stranger had hardly advanced a few steps, when I suddenly started from my seat, and —without waiting for Fortescue's introduction—with my face in a glow, and my heart palpitating, I hastily approached him. But he—whether surprised at my manner, or for some other reason, I know not—started, and drew back, viewing me with a fixed attention.

Fortescue was at first struck with the behaviour of us both; but, presently recollecting himself, he took the hand of his friend, saying, "My dear sir, give me leave to introduce to your notice the Mr. Middleton you have so often heard me mention. —And you, my dear Henry, see in Mr. La Roche my most honored and esteemed friend."

This address did not immediately arouse either of us from the stupor in which we seemed absorpt. But Mr. La Roche at length took my hand, saying, "Pardon me, young gentleman! I fear, that, by my silence, I have distressed you. But," continued he, breathing a deep sigh, "I am a man of many sorrows; and your appearance has, I know not why, brought the most lamented part of my misfortunes so forcibly to my mind, that the forms of common politeness were totally forgotten."

I now endeavoured in my turn to articulate something of an apology: but it was in broken and tremulous accents; when Mr. La Roche suddenly exclaimed, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes to heaven, "My God! the very voice of my Maria!" He then burst into tears, and sank into a chair.

Imagine to yourself, Sydney, a man of the most elegant and majestic deportment, who appeared to be about sixty years of age, whose features were expressive of the most manly and noble soul: but the heavy hand of sorrow had imprinted on those interesting features a look of placid melancholy, which steals on the soul, ere you hear the complaint of the mourner. Imagine to yourself such a figure as this; and you have the form of Mr. La Roche before you. But, Sydney, you cannot form an idea of the sensations that filled my soul with tumult at the sight of this gentleman; nor can I describe to you the anguish I experienced on seeing him so affected. I endeavoured to sooth and calm his perturbed spirit: but the sound of my voice seemed to increase his agony.—I therefore ceased to speak; and, after a pretty long interval of silence, Mr. La Roche regained a tolerable degree of composure. Fortescue, alarmed at the agitation he saw his friend was in, proposed to me to quit the room awhile: but Mr. La Roche earnestly begged of me not to leave him. The desire he expressed to have me with him, and the affectionate manner in which he viewed me, gratified and delighted me to a degree that appears to me utterly un-

accountable. I endeavoured, as far as in my power, to amuse and divert his thoughts, and was so happy as to find that I was not unsuccessful in my efforts to please him.

In the evening, I conducted my friends to their lodgings; for Fortescue had mentioned to me in his letter, that they should make some stay in Inverness. I had therefore secured very commodious apartments for them. As they expressed a desire that I should not quit them, I very readily staid at their lodgings that night. The next day, by Mrs. Gordon's permission, I introduced my friends to her and her fair daughter; and was happy to perceive that it was an introduction which gave pleasure to all parties.

Fortescue was evidently struck with the easy, elegant figure of my young Highlander. — Isabella, acquainted with every body in a moment, attached herself immediately to Mr. La Roche, and strove with such a winning attention to amuse and divert him, that he was quite delighted with her.

Her music-books being strewed about the room, Mr. La Roche asked her if she would favor him so far, as for a while to sooth his cares by the harmony of her voice. Miss Gordon immediately tuned her lute, and sung to it in a manner so soft and sweet, that pain and sorrow seemed to have flown far away from the charmed soul of Mr. La Roche.

Mrs. Gordon, whom I had acquainted with the rank of Mr. Fortescue, has already placed his reversionary coronet on her daughter's brow; and, as I can perceive, secretly exults at every little attention that the right honorable youth pays to her child.

A slight fever was the consequence of the violent perturbation of Mr. La Roche's spirits, which for a few days prevented his accompanying me to M'Leod's farm.—I had hinted to Fortescue, that I felt my curiosity a little awakened by the extraordinary emotion which his friend had discovered at the sight of me, though we were perfect strangers to each other. His answer was, that he hoped I would excuse his silence on that subject, as he knew Mr. La Roche intended to communicate his story to me himself, and therefore might not be pleased to find that he had anticipated him in the relation of it; so that at present I know no more of that amiable man than what I have above related.

Mr. La Roche expressed so much satisfaction at having me with him during his indisposition, that nothing but a prior attachment, which justly claimed my attention, should have called me a moment from him.—My friend the hermit, Sydney, was not forgotten, even amid those new and undescribable emotions by which my soul was agitated. I have, however, little more to tell you relative to my recluse, than that he every day grows weaker and weaker, both in body and mind. I had acquainted him with all that had passed at Inverness on the arrival of Mr. Fortescue and his friend. He would for some moments seem to attend to my recital, then quickly forget all that he had heard. I could not help expressing my wishes that he would permit me to introduce those gentlemen to him; though I hardly expected that he would give his consent. But I was agreeably surprised to find that he had no objection to seeing those strangers. "With regard to myself, dear Middleton," said he, "I feel no desire to see your friends. I have nearly outlived all my faculties, and am at present sensible to no worldly cares, but an anxious wish for your welfare and happiness. But let those

gentlemen come, Harry: there may be something novel to them in the sight of an old man, who has lived so many years secluded in this vale, as I have done."

I went early the next morning to Inverness, and found, by Mr. La Roche's manner, that he was hurt at my having so long absented myself from him. To clear myself from every imputation of neglect, I acquainted him with the real cause of my absence, and told him, that, if it would give him pleasure, I had leave to introduce him to my revered anchorite. He thanked me in the most affectionate manner for the confidence I had placed in him, and expressed the most earnest desire of visiting the hermitage. Mr. La Roche had been so well attended by Miss Gordon and Mr. Fortescue, that he was soon perfectly recovered.

Fortescue has already no eyes or ears for any thing, or any body, but Miss Gordon. He has, within this day or two, as I have thought, been somewhat reserved in his manner to me; and, if I did not think I could account for this alteration of behaviour, I should be uneasy at it. True love is always diffident, and conjures up a thousand fears to torment itself. Mr. Fortescue apprehends, from the playfulness of Miss Gordon's manner, that she is partial to me. Isabella, in the gaiety of her heart, will, twenty times in a day, lay her hand on my shoulder, twist her fingers in my hair, and call me her dear Harry.—When she thus unthinkingly confers these favors on me, Fortescue's seat, I can perceive, is uneasy to him. But, so far from having any predilection for me, if I am not mistaken, Isabella will not be long insensible to Mr. Fortescue's merits. When I ask Miss Gordon to sing, she complies with ease, and without any variation of voice or feature; but, when this young man requests the same favor of her, her down-cast eye and glowing cheek, with the numberless mistakes she makes in her music, convince me that her artless bosom begins to be agitated by a passion to which she has hitherto been a stranger. But the green-eyed monster, jealousy, will not let Fortescue see this. At a proper time, however, I will try to open his eyes.—I have set my mind on this match: it is a union in every respect desirable; and must meet with the approbation of their respective families.

The gentlemen take an early breakfast with me to-morrow; and afterwards I attend them to the hermitage.—An air of satisfaction glows in the countenances of M'Leod and his old woman, while they are making preparations for the reception of my guests. The cups and saucers are already taken from their station in the corner cupboard, and arranged in proper order in my apartment for breakfast.

I did not intend to close this epistle, till after my return from the valley; but, as Mr. Fortescue dispatches a pacquet for London to-day, I shall inclose this letter in it. Adieu, then, my dear friend! and believe me, notwithstanding all my wanderings and peevish exclamations, to be perfectly sensible of the generous tendency of your advice: and, if it do not produce its proper effect, impute the failure to the predominancy which passion has over reason in my mind.—Yours sincerely,

MIDDLETON.

The widowed FATHER.
A Fragment.
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

"INDEED, sir, I must not disturb him," repeated the interesting Ellen: "nothing would so soon rouse him to anger, as to be interrupted in his

visits to the grave of my dear departed mother!"—Here a heavy sob checked the poor girl's words; and, looking in her face, I beheld the genuine tears of fond remembrance trickling down her cheeks.—She strove not to dry them, but continued, "It is now nearly eight months since she died; but that time has not soothed the anguish of my poor father; and every evening, about this hour, he comes to contemplate her grave, and to mourn her departed excellence; nor will he quit it, while one lingering beam glows in the west.—See, sir, he kneels; he is putting up a prayer to the Almighty disposer of events:—did you hear it, your heart would weep tears of blood."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "an old friend might venture near enough to catch his accents of sorrow, without being deemed an impertinent intruder?"

The poor girl, with her tears still flowing, nodded an assent; and we approached nearer, keeping behind the low ivied wall of the church-yard, to avoid his sight. But it was a needless precaution; his eyes being bent in anguish on the humble tombstone, which recorded the virtues of the woman he loved so well. It was the evening of a day that had been one of the finest in the month of June: not a zephyr ruffled the leaves of the trees that surrounded the spot: he was kneeling with his face toward the west, which was glowing with the last glories of departing day. Its radiance poured across his reverend countenance a something that might have been almost deemed the approval of heaven for his employment. His hands were clasped together. I caught the conclusion of his prayer; and these were the words—"Yet forgive my sorrows; for thou knowest best their source—my aching heart!—I murmur not at thy divine decree: I know that my lost, my lamented wife, is happy: I know that I ought not to weep; but, alas! I am but human; and the remembrance of twenty years of love and peace, passed in her society, cannot but draw down the tears of affliction. Did not my Ellen, the beloved daughter of my sainted partner, bind me to the earth, I should beg, O Lord, that thou wouldst take me from a scene which has now no charm—from a world, which, to me, is but a world of bitterness and care. But thy will be done!"

Here he bowed his head almost to the earth, and wept afresh. I knew of how little avail common consolation would be: I knew that the sublime elevation of his own thoughts was of greater use to him than any language I could offer; and I departed for his neat cottage, leading by the hand his sorrowing child, who told me he was now about to return, and that he would perhaps feel a something like humiliation, if he thought I had overheard him.

I had not seen him for many years; and, when I last did, he was a truly happy man. The wife he was now lamenting, was then his solace and his pride; and the daughter, now about seventeen, was then just learning to lisp the endearing names of "Father," and "Mother."—I felt a sorrow myself, and an indescribable heaviness, as I seated myself in the little arbour beside his door. Here it was that we had sat, when last we parted; and here we were to meet again, but under circumstances of distressing import, that would have interested the heart of an entire stranger: judge, then, what it must have been to old and dear friends.

His daughter, who had now become a little composed, heard him open the garden wicket, and flew to assist him, and to announce me.

Those who have learned, or think they have learned, what sorrow is, from its appearance on the stage, or from the too-general description of it in tales of fancied distress, will expect to hear of violent ejaculations, and even screams of anguish, from the agonised man: but it was not so.—A very faint, but sufficient gleam of light yet darted across the bower, and, lighting on his countenance, showed it to be serenity itself; and when he seised my extended hand, and, pressing it to his breast, exclaimed, "Oh! my friend!" I saw a tear start into his eye, which had more of pleasure than of sadness in it. It was a calm and holy pleasure: it had scarcely a feeling of earth about it. The scene he had come from; his employment there; and the prayer he had just ended, had so eased his soul, that I could hardly refrain from envying a man who could so resign himself; and surely such a man *is* more enviable than the most powerful monarch on earth!

He seated himself beside me, and, after some general conversation, gave me the history—a history, though sorrowful, yet one he dearly loved to dwell upon—of his wife's last moments, in the following words—

* * * * * * * * * *

CRUELTY *to* ANIMALS.

THOUGH not a feminine subject, yet, as woman has much influence in producing the best feelings in man, it may not be improper to call her attention to some of the many instances of extreme cruelty to animals, which are continually occurring, and with this hope, that her endeavours may be used to prevent such a practice, both by precept and example; and that, when she finds a man so obdurate and hard of heart, as not to listen, and profit by listening to her; and who will still persevere in his cruelty to the dumb creation, she may mark him out as an object of scorn and abhorrence, as a man, who, if offended, would not hesitate to raise his hand even against herself.

Among the minor sorts of cruelty, is the worrying of cats by dogs—a favorite sport with certain classes of dog-fanciers, whom one would suppose attached to dogs. No such thing, however:—to the fighting breed of dogs they may be; but if any poor half-starved unoffending cur chances to cross their way, a tin kettle will be infallibly tied to his tail; and I am sure, whoever has seen a dog with that appendage, must have pitied the poor creature from his very soul. The horror of the animal is absolutely beyond description.

Some excuse may be found for the drivers of oxen and sheep to market: some force may perhaps be necessary to get them on at all: but it is evident to every impartial and feeling observer, that unnecessary violence is often used.—The greatest cruelty used, in my opinion, in bringing beasts to market, is that of carrying calves in carts with their legs tied, and their heads hanging over the side. This is done merely to cram as many into a given space as possible—a thing not at all necessary, but suggested by avarice alone, for the sake of saving expense in the cartage. Thus the poor creatures, in a state of absolute torture, are brought for many miles. This is a thing that very many females must have seen, and shuddered at.

But the principal cruelty, and which is perhaps of more consequence than any I have named, is that used towards the horse; for if he has a cruel master, he is kept in torture for years; whereas the cases I have pointed out, are of short duration, and happen but seldom; in

the case of driving beasts to market, perhaps only once in their lives. The horse is continually rendering us services of the greatest moment. He bears the lover to his mistress, the huntsman in the chase, the soldier in the field of battle and amid the work of death; and yet will he amble, as gentle as a lamb, with some timid female on his back. He is at once a most beautiful and most useful animal. By his means men and merchandise are, with ease and safety, moved from place to place: from the swift-travelling mail, to the very slowest-moving waggon, all are under the greatest obligation to the horse. Is it not then wonderful, that an animal so serviceable should be constantly ill treated by man? Yet so it is. Truly, many men take a great pride in their horses, and treat them as kindly as it is possible to treat them: but this is unfortunately not always the case. We should wonder the less, if the only instances of ill-treatment arose among persons who have no property or interest in the animals: but we have seen instances of the masters of most valuable horses, harassing, punishing, and distressing those noble animals, even to death. Among the hackney coachmen, cruelty to their horses is so frequent, that you cannot walk the streets of London for one day, without witnessing instances of it, more or less, and that too against a description of animals so exhausted, as to be unable either to work, or to bear the beatings and other inflictions they receive.

The riders of horses, too, are perpetually plaguing and punishing the beasts they ride; some, by way of showing their dexterity, and attracting notice; and others from mere ill temper. How often have we seen men curbing in their horses, and plunging their spurs into their sides, merely to make them prance about for a show! and how often, too, in this metropolis, a horse, who slips from the joint smoothness of his shoes and the stones, is unmercifully beaten by his rider, as if the fault were in the horse. Surely this is extremely cruel, and worse than useless.

Two instances of cruelty, which lately happened within my own observation, I will here point out, and then conclude this unpleasant subject.

The driver of a long stage, a most brutal fellow, had a horse at the wheel, which, either from illness or exhaustion, could not proceed so fast as this unfeeling monster wished. In spite of all the remonstrances of his passengers, he kept on flogging him till his whip was torn to ribbons; he then descended from the box, and beat him with the whip-stock, till that too was reduced to splinters. Not yet satiated, he resorted to kicking, and swore that he would inflict the same punishment on any person who dared to interfere. His passengers were so disgusted, that, being near the end of their journey, they walked on, and so represented the transaction to the proprietors, that the fellow was instantly discharged. But this was not the punishment such a villain deserved, nor any compensation for the treatment the horse had received. Justice would have been a little more even-handed, had he been well flogged before his discharge.

The other instance occurred, but a very few days ago, in Whitechapel road. A butcher's horse, equipped with one of those high saddles which are used to carry the tray before the rider, was carelessly suffered to walk along the road by himself to his stable; the man who should have led him being better employed, as he thought, in conversation with an

acquaintance. Before he had proceeded far, the saddle slipped under his body, and, as may be naturally supposed, instantly frightened the animal, otherwise by no means likely to have taken fright, for he was a quiet and rather a poor-looking horse. He instantly set off at full speed, kicking and plunging most alarmingly, and, as it happened, taking the foot-path, which is very wide there, and was then full of people. He was at length stopped, fortunately without having done any injury; and the butcher, as soon as he got hold of the horse, inflicted such a beating on the animal's head and neck, as made my heart sicken and shudder; and this he continued all the way to the stable, and probably even afterwards. In this case, the brutal villain was absolutely punishing the horse for a fault which he had himself committed.

A volume might be filled with such instances; but enough has been said, I am sure, to induce every female to use all the influence she possesses, for the benefit of those poor suffering beasts, that cannot cry out against their persecutors, nor explain the wrong that is done them.

J. M. Lacey.

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page 229.*)

After this impressive ceremony, the citizens range themselves in order round their chiefs. Then Douza, pointing to the august sepulcre, thus addresses them—"Citizens! warriors! — for henceforth those titles are here synonymous — we have before our eyes a lively picture of the doom which awaits us, if ever the Spaniard be permitted to defile our city by his odious presence. We thank thee, Alva! thy own savage barbarity has shut against thee the gates of Leiden. Citizens! let us swear on the heads of those heroes, that the first man among us, were it a son or a brother, who shall dare to propose opening to the enemy this last asylum of liberty, shall receive death—not from our hands—but shall be conducted beyond our ramparts, and delivered up to that enemy: his name shall stand recorded to eternal infamy: from the summits of our towers we will enjoy the sight of his execution, and, in the midst of our calamities, will say that the Spanish sword has for once been employed with justice.—If the Spaniards spare his life, let it be his punishment to be a spectator of their multiplied perfidies and atrocious deeds."

Every individual in the city binds himself by this oath. By thee also, Rosalinda, it is pronounced. Arodar, meanwhile, is in the army of Alva: Hymen was preparing to unite thee with him, when the Batavian and the Spaniard became enemies: thou sighest, thou lamentest, that neither war nor any other power can extinguish the flames of love. Arodar incessantly roamed round the ramparts: in one part, retired and unprotected, the wall, struck with Alva's thunders, gapes with a narrow fissure. The eyes of love are more keen-sighted than those of the most experienced warrior. Arodar observes the opening, repairs to the spot at the beginning of night, passes the deep trench, struggles with every obstacle, tears down a portion of the wall, glides across the rampart, and, alternately employing stratagem and courage, penetrates into the city, hastes to the abode of his beloved Rosalinda, knocks at the door, is admitted, and falls at her feet.

"Is it thy shade?" she exclaims —"No! Arodar, 'tis thyself! . . . . Is the enemy within our walls?"

"Yes," replies he, "if thou canst give that name to the most tender love. Thou shudderest at the dangers to which I have exposed myself! rather shudder at those which await thee. Hast thou not seen striking proofs of the ferocity of Alva? He is preparing to assault the citadel with tremendous fury. Wilt thou expose thyself to the consequence of those combats? can I be certain of rescuing thee from the unbridled rage of the victors? Alas! while I eagerly fly to thy defence, perhaps I may be among the first to fall on these ramparts . . . . . What will then be thy fate? . . . . Thou wilt no longer have a friend in the army of Alva.—Dear Rosalinda, have we not been long enough separated by war? Thou art not confined within these walls by the stern ties of duty: come! the road which lay open for me to penetrate hither, presents thee an easy retreat. Leiden has not rested on thee her hopes of safety: leave it to the warriors to decide her fate; and follow me, who claim thee as my bride."

"What hast thou dared to propose to me?" says she—"that, to save my life, I should haste to meet infamy? Shall we then, base and interested in our friendship, love our country only while she enjoys the sunshine of prosperity, and betake ourselves to flight, when we see her menaced by the most imminent dangers? Is her interest in us so slight as to render it indifferent to her whether she lose or retain us? May not our presence, our voice, animate the courage of her defenders? and, while they boldly encounter death, shall I set them the infamous example of avoiding the danger by cowardly flight?—Arodar! there is no excuse for him who betrays his country: she has more powerful claims to our obedience, than have our parents, those objects so justly entitled to our veneration.—Shall I tell thee?—Yes—placed here in the midst of so many of my compatriots whose hearts are ulcerated by just hatred to the Spaniards, I am even afraid lest I be guilty of a crime in loving thee. Faithful, meanwhile, to the oaths which have pledged to thee my heart—but faithful at the same time to that solemn oath by which I have bound myself to my country—I will not abandon these walls; and I shudder at the bare idea of entering with criminal step into the camp of Alva. Be gone! lose no time: fly from the perils which surround thee; and may Heaven favor thy retreat! Perhaps the day may yet shine forth, when, after so many calamities, ... But, if we are both doomed to perish, may some friendly hand unite our remains in the same grave!"

Struck with admiration, Arodar no longer urges her to accompany him. He clasps her in his arms, and, reluctantly tearing himself away from the endearing embrace, rushes from her presence.—Rosalinda anxiously counts the flying minutes, and, as soon as she thinks her lover has reached a place of safety, hastens to Douza, and says to him—

"Leiden is in danger: the wall is open: a Spaniard has penetrated into the citadel. The man who has achieved that daring enterprise, was destined for my husband before the commencement of those troubles which desolate our provinces. He is not actuated by the same ferocity which stimulates our enemies. Deaf to his earnest solicitations, I refused to fly with him: but I could not prevail on myself to betray him into your hands. If I have violated my oath, I willingly submit to punishment."

Douza replies, that her resistance,

her ingenuous confession, and the important information she has given him, are sufficient to temper the severity of the laws with regard to her: but he cautions the citizens to respect them: he exhorts them to vigilance, and instantaneously gives orders that the breach be repaired with all possible speed, and secured by a strong guard. His commands are executed without delay. At the approach of night, Arodar returns to the spot: overwhelmed with grief, he beholds the passage closed against him: he long lingers at the foot of the ramparts, stretches forth his hands to embrace the cold stone, but is unable to convey even a sigh within the walls of Leiden.

Meanwhile every preparative announces the approaching assault. Alva himself directs the operations: the brazen mouths of war already pour forth their thunders; and Frederic assembles his cohorts. "My friends!" says he, "the preceding night made you masters of Haerlem: let the light of this day illumine a more glorious triumph."—He said, and, under the eye of his father, rushes on toward the ramparts.

As an aged eagle, already sated with victories, sits perched on a cloud-capped rock, and thence with delighted eye surveys her young eaglet cleaving the air—sees him dart on the peaceful flock, and snatch a tender lamb from the dug of its mother: transported with joy, she celebrates the victory with clanging voice, and beating wing: the rock echoes responsive to her exultations; and the sound adds new courage and vigor to the eaglet in carrying off his prey:—thus Alva contemplates his son eagerly hurrying forward to the assault.

But soon advancing himself with majestic step at the head of his most formidable legions, he directs tremendous attacks against several forts at the same instant.

The Batavians would feel themselves dishonored, were they to confine the exertions of their valour within the protection of their walls: they all burn with impatience to distinguish themselves on a more free and extensive theatre. Douza seconds their ardor, and, sallying from the gates at their head, anticipates the approach of the Spaniards, who recoil terrified at the sight of such intrepidity. But the presence of Alva restrains them; and the voice and example of Frederic lead them back to the conflict. Now begins a frightful carnage: not a single warrior is willing to abandon his ground; and for a long time the Batavians, unshakable as their massive dikes, resist the impetuosity of the Spanish valour.

But Alva is enraged to see his victory delayed: he flies from rank to rank, excites his warriors, urges them on, as the whale urges the foamy waves against the sounding shore. The Batavians at length yield to superior numbers: Douza is no longer able to sustain the furious shock of Alva, and of the multitude of assailants which is every instant increased and renewed. He collects his troops into a close phalanx, and conducts them in regular order toward a fort, which it is of high importance to defend with their utmost intrepidity. Alva, ever ready to take advantage of the slightest gleam of success, rushes toward another fort: Douza runs to avert the danger; and here begins a more obstinate conflict. Frederic, Vitelli, Avila, rapidly follow the steps of their chief: participating his ardor, they powerfully support his attacks, and ably supply his place wherever they engage. On both

sides, torrents of blood drench the thirsty plain; but the fort, long the object of contest, at length falls a prey to the Spaniards.

At the sight of Alva's triumph, and of the impetuous attack made by Frederic on a post not less important, loud groans and lamentations are uttered by the old men, the women, and the children, who on the tops of the houses sit anxiously watching the event of the combat. Among the number of the female spectators was the courageous Ilsonte, who had often accustomed her eyes to martial sights. "Peace!" says she: "let not your cries reach the ears of the combatants. Are you not descended from those intrepid heroines who participated the glory of the ancient Batavians? Ah! if they had shed womanish tears, would their husbands have displayed such manly courage? Is this the example that has been set us in Haerlem by their rival, the valorous Hasselar, whose name, celebrated even by our enemies, has found its way to us in this confined spot—and whose head has, by the permission of heaven, been cast within our walls, to excite us to deeds of hardihood? Let their heroism be renewed in us: our country does not command us to sit watching these abodes: let us haste to where her gallant defenders are engaged in battle: there we shall find our fathers, our husbands, our brethren.—Do you hesitate? Then remain here, and make these deserted houses echo with your cries. And you, heroines of ancient days, whose blood we dishonor, arise from your graves, and, in our stead, go fight beside our warriors."

By her words, her demeanour, they fancy they behold in her one of those heroines revived; and, suddenly, inflamed by her animating voice, they run to arms. One snatches up a sword: another displays a banner, on which her hands have wrought in gold and silk embroidery the motto "Our country, and Leiden:" the most intrepid among them have seised those fulminating tubes which vomit fire and death.

Batavians! notwithstanding your distinguished valour, which Douza animated by his example, you were on the point of abandoning a second fort to the impetuous Alva and to his son stimulated by the ardent thirst of blood, when an unexpected re-inforcement comes to your assistance. Behold a legion of angels, as it were, descending from heaven, and armed for the defence of Leiden! they are your mothers, your wives, your sisters, your mistresses.

Ilsonte rushes into the thickest of th'affray: her companions fly, each to the assistance of a father, a husband, a brother, or a lover. The warriors are at first ignorant what generous hand averts the stroke of death from their bosoms: but, as soon as they perceive their auxiliaries, they become invincible; and the Spaniards are no longer able to withstand that undaunted courage which is inflamed by beauty and love.

Headed by Werf, the aged sires march forth from the gates, follow at a distance the steps of the warriors, and, although they do not mingle in the sanguinary conflict, at least by their voice and their presence animate the combatants, who fancy themselves fighting as it were under the immediate inspection of the tutelar gods of their country.

Even the children, determined to participate the common danger, run to catch the spark of valour from the flame of war which blazes on the plain. With feeble arm they hurl darts, which do not reach the enemy, but which are followed by mortal

blows from the hands of their fathers, whom every surrounding object stimulates to strenuous opposition.

Selida closely followed the steps of Ilsonte. "Why," said one of her companions, "do you rush unarmed to the field of death?"—"What!" replies she—"are there no swords in the enemies' ranks? you shall soon see one of them brandished in my hand, or plunged into my bosom;" and, darting among the Spaniards, she snatches his sword from the rich and haughty Fernando, exclaiming—"Thou art not worthy to bear this weapon: die by a woman's hand!" She said, and struck the deadly blow: the warrior falls, and the gaudy plumes that nodded on his helm are smeared with dust and gore.

At the voice of Ilsonte, Rosalinda too had taken up arms: yet there is among the enemies a youth whom she wishes to spare. "O my country!" said she within herself, "pardon me; but surely thou dost not require that I sacrifice to thee Arodar, that Spaniard, in whose bosom glows a Batavian heart, who melts over our misfortunes, and who exposed himself to the greatest dangers for the sake of saving my life: there are a sufficient number of other victims, whose deaths may do honor to my courage."—At once intrepid and alarmed, she carefully examines each enemy before she ventures to strike him, lest she should stain her sword with that blood which she would wish to spare at the risque of her own life.

Arodar fought in the foremost ranks: animated by love, he burned with ardor to penetrate the ramparts of Leiden. Rosalinda descries him, and her enfeebled arm deals out less energetic blows; impelled by love, she even retires to a distant scene; when, seeing a Batavian ready to wound him, she flies to his rescue, and, pale with affright, averts the impending steel. Arodar does not recognise her to whom he owes his life. O fatal rage of war! that lover, incessantly occupied by the image of the beloved maid, but blind at this moment, does not see her: the dæmon of war has spread a dark cloud before his eyes; and, thinking himself still engaged with the enemy who had assaulted him, he raises his arm to attack her. A secret sensation of pity, however, affects the heart of the unconscious warrior; and his sword, leveled at the bosom of Rosalinda, quivers in his hand. He condemns his pity as unmanly weakness, and nerves his arm with double strength. . . . . . She utters a scream which pierces the heart of Arodar. O! that, at this fatal moment, the cloud which obscured his sight, could be thickened with tenfold darkness, impenetrable as the shade of death! . . . . . But the cloud is dissipated—He sees Rosalinda fall; he beholds a purple stream gushing from her wound, and staining the pure ivory of her bosom. Pale and horror-struck, he cannot conceive himself to have been the author of the deadly blow. "Dear Arodar! I pardon thee," were the last words she spoke.

But Arodar, frantic with despair, punishes himself for that involuntary error, which was the work of his bewildered imagination: he turns against his own breast his ensanguined steel, and mingles his blood with that of Rosalinda. The two lovers lie entwined in each other's arms: their eyes, to catch one last glimpse of each other, struggle to overcome the dark mist of death: their nerveless hands are once more locked together in affectionate grasp: with their dying lips they feebly articulate each other's name in their expiring breath; and united they descend to the silent realms below.

Meantime, on every side around them, the unwearied combatants perseveringly urge the work of death. In the midst of the tumult, Selida descries the affecting scene of the two lovers bleeding in each other's arms; and their dismal fate calls forth a torrent of grief from her eyes. "Behold that spectacle!" says she to Ilsonte: "my tongue cannot in this place command language to relate to you their melancholy tale."—She said, and ceased to fight.

(To be continued.)

The LAKES *of* KILLARNEY.

(From "The Victim of Intolerance, or the Hermit of Killarney, A Catholic Tale," by Major Torrens.)

ROMANTIC scenery had always afforded me delight. After having visited Westmoreland and Cumberland, I proceeded (in the beginning of September) to the Lakes of Killarney. . . . . . The mountains over which I had been slowly dragged, were desolated. As I drove into the town, low heavy clouds rested on the adjacent hills, obscuring the prospect, and giving an aspect of gloom to the spot which imagination had represented as the abode of beauty. Depressed by fatigue and disappointment, I retired to the inn, and

"Steeped my senses in forgetfulness."

The beams of the morning sun broke through the unclosed casements of my chamber, and awoke me from a sweetly tranquil slumber, which had renovated all the springs of life. I trod on air; I felt as if I could "bestride the lazy-pacing clouds;" as if, soaring from the earth, I could "repose upon the bosom of the air." The necessary arrangements being made, I proceeded toward the lakes with senses exquisitely alive. We rode to Ross Castle, which is situated on an island connected with the main land by a small bridge. Here, after contemplating for a few minutes the beautiful expansion of water that stretched before us for many miles; we procured a boat, and embarked upon the lake. Not a Zephyr breathed on it; it was a liquid mirror reflecting the wooded isles scattered o'er its surface, and inverting the majestic mountains that rose perpendicularly from its banks, and towered to the clouds. I had never beheld such a scene. A mingled feeling of delight and awe absorbed me. I seemed, like our first parents, to wake upon a world where every thing was astonishing, every thing was new.

We passed through picturesque rocks, and isles beautifully wooded, until we arrived at Innis Fallen, an island superior to the others, both in size and in the loveliness of its landscape. Here we landed. The ground was beautifully varied. Hills of gentle ascent, in graceful, and almost imperceptible curves, sloping into valleys—the shore, now gently declining, to kiss the surface of the lake, now jutting into capes, and exhibiting piles of rock—fields of vivid and luxuriant verdure gleaming between woods clothed with the russet tinge of autumn—all contributed to bestow on this earthly Paradise an enchantment and variety that never cloyed.

After we had taken some refreshment amid the ruins of an ancient abbey, we left this island, and launched once more upon the lake. We stretched toward the huge mountain of Glanaa. Its sides are clothed with hanging woods. The oak, the mountain-ash, and the ever-green arbutus that seemed to draw nutrition from the naked rock, overhung the margin of the lake with indescribable magnificence; while, at a distance toward the summit of the mountain, the beams of the meridian sun, glan-

cing on the rocks, and variegated foliage of the intermingled woods, were refracted into colors beyond expression beautiful. A richly embroidered carpeting seemed to overspread the mountain, and to fling its gold and purple tints on the eye of the astonished beholder. Thus a thousand optical deceptions heightened the enchantment of the scene. I dwelt in fairy-land; all around me was so grand, so magnificent, so new, that my senses wandered; and I stood in a delightful trance, almost doubting the reality of what I saw.

While I continued in this waking vision, our little bark was rowed past a point of land which is called the peninsula of Mucruss, and which runs out a considerable way into the waters, dividing them into the lower and middle lakes. And here my attention was irresistibly seised by the stupendous mountain of Turk, rising perpendicularly from the margin of the waters. As the boat approached, I gazed in silent awe. A thrill of mingled terror and delight struck through my frame, while, breathless and motionless, I raised my eye to the tremendous mass that now frowned and nodded o'er my head, threatening to crush me into nothing. I turned from the contemplation of objects thus painfully sublime, and suffered my eye to dwell upon a beautiful cottage erected at the foot of the mountain. It formed a most agreeable contrast to the terrific grandeur of the surrounding scene; while, as we rowed along its cultivated domain, a female figure glided with inexpressible grace before us, and seemed the guardian spirit of the lake, protecting us from the dæmons of the tempest that frowned upon the mountain's summit.

Toward the left, rose Mangerton. Less regular in its outline than Glanaa, and less bold than Turk, this mountain, long supposed to be the highest in Ireland, exhibited an aspect of savage desolation. Huge masses of rock, that "seemed not to belong to the earth, and yet were on it," rested upon the sides of Mangerton; and, on its summit, was an unfathomable lake, formed in the crater of an exhausted volcano, and called *Poul-an-Iffrin*, or the *Hole of Hell.* But I was soon called to contemplate other scenes. We had now arrived at the entrance of a narrow and winding passage, which, I was told, led to the Upper Lake. We all got out of the boat, which, thus lightened, was dragged up a rapid stream. In all its features, this entrance is terribly sublime. It seems as if the omnipotent hand had rent the mountains asunder, to make a passage for the waters. Immense masses of rock are thrown about in wild confusion, and hang rather than rest on the projecting precipices. Torrents dash from cliff to cliff, and with tremendous echoes reverberate along the mountains, whose ragged sides and over-hanging masses are rudely piled on either hand, and seem to touch the skies. There was something in the scene indescribably sublime, something that bowed the soul with an irresistible sentiment of awe and terror. Impressed with the magnificence, the vastness of creation, I felt my own littleness, my own unworthiness; and, bending with deep humiliation, exclaimed, "O God! what is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou regardest him?"

In the closet of the theorist, perhaps it may be possible to be an atheist; but he who can enter the magnificent temple of nature, and not feel conscious of the present deity, must be a man without a heart.

We now passed the strait; and a scene opened upon us, where it was

impossible to determine which was most predominant, the beautiful, or the sublime. On each side, from the rocky shores of the lake, rose mountains of stupendous magnitude; and, in front, M'Gillicuddy's Reeks towered above the rest, stretching their giant arms to the ocean, and lifting their heads into the skies. The whole had an aspect of savage desolation, of uncreated rudeness; while, in the centre of the waters, isles of heavenly beauty rose, like harmonious worlds smiling amid surrounding chaos. Nothing could be more terribly sublime, more enchantingly lovely. Now I ventured to lift my eye to the terrific features of the mountain scene; and now I dwelt delighted on the Isles of Paradise, which seemed to float upon the liquid silver of the lake. As our boats wound slowly through them, they appeared to revolve in mystic order, varying the prospect to infinitude, and imparting to the beholder inexhaustible delight. But, though the sense could not here be satiated, the declining sun lengthened the shadows of the mountains, and warned us to retire. As we approached the opening which leads from the Upper Lake, a cannon was fired. Those who have only witnessed echoes in which the sound is repeated with a pause between, can form no adequate idea of the reverberations which were now produced. Peals of thunder travelled along the windings of the mountains, and, after dying away amid the distant caverns of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, returned, and burst with redoubled strength on the astonished ear. The sound was here, it was there, it was every-where. It seemed as if the foundations of the earth were shaken—as if the last trump had sounded. The boatmen, though familiar with the effect, in silent awe rested on their oars, and our little bark was swept by the rapidity of the current through the terrific chasm that winds into the Middle Lake. We passed the peninsula of Mucruss on the right; and, being landed at Ross Island, the point from which we first set out, I turned, for the present, from the contemplation of a scene which no language can describe, no pencil represent, and to heighten the beauty and sublimity of which, the most active imagination can combine no image.

From the many interesting objects which I had passed over almost unnoticed, I felt that one day was insufficient to see the beauties of Killarney. On the ensuing morning, therefore, I again proceeded to Ross Island, took a boat, and, passing the peninsula of Mucruss, proceeded toward the Upper Lake. But, as we rowed under the magnificent eminence of Turk, and approached the winding chasm of the mountains, the day became overcast, "and changing skies hung out their sable clouds." Every thing seemed to indicate an approaching tempest. Low and heavy clouds floated in opposite directions through the troubled atmosphere. Gusts, sudden and impetuous, swept the surface of the lake, and lashed its waters into foam. The Spirit of the storm paced the cloud-capped mountains, and, with giant hand, rolled forward the accumulating vapor. The boatmen became alarmed; and, giving up our intention of visiting the Upper Lake, we hastened to take shelter in Dynis Island.

From Dynis, I passed by a bridge to an island called Brockeen, and from this, by another bridge, to Mucruss. Mr. Herbert, to whom it belongs, has displayed great taste in heightening the charms of the most beautiful domain in Europe. Mucruss, as I have already said, is a

finely wooded peninsula, shooting far into the waters, and separating the Lower from the Middle Lake. As I wandered through its woods and sloping lawns, the scene now smiled with unequalled loveliness, now frowned in awful grandeur. The woods, the waters, and their sylvan isles, blended in delicious harmony; while the huge mountains, that on each hand towered to the skies, seemed impassable bulwarks, thrown up by the Creator, to fence this second Eden.

Mr. Kean,
of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.
(With a Portrait.)

As an embellishment to our present Number, we give a portrait of that much-admired dramatic performer, Mr. *Edmund Kean,* whose superior talents are too well known to the public, to need any comment or illustration in our pages. Abstaining, therefore, from all criticism on his admirable performances, which never fail to attract crowded audiences, we content ourselves with briefly stating the few particulars of his history which we have been able to learn.

The son of Mr. Kean the architect by a daughter of George Saville Carey—and nephew to Moses Kean, the celebrated ventriloquist—he was born in 1789, and may almost be said to have at once stepped from the cradle to the theatre, since it appears, that, at the early age of three years, he was introduced to the public, as a sleeping Cupid, in Cymon. But his genius was not destined to sleep long: for, at the age of six, he acted a waking part at Drury-Lane, as one of Falstaff's pages.

At this period, he was in the habit of reciting speeches from Lear, Richard, &c. and was so successful in imitating the manner of our most admired performers, as to gain the warm approbation of the best judges then on the boards, whose flattering estimate of his talents has been fully justified by his subsequent success.

Soon after this, he was sent to receive his education at Eton College, where, however, he did not continue much longer than three years; when, renouncing his classical studies, he returned, while yet a mere boy, to that sphere in which nature had intended him to shine; and performed, in several subordinate characters, at the Haymarket Theatre. And now devoting himself wholly to the drama, and becoming an actor by profession, he successively performed at different provincial theatres, particularly at Dorchester, Teignmouth, and Exeter, where he had opportunities of exhibiting his daily improving talents before audiences well qualified to appreciate his merit.

In that career, he made rapid advances to fame; and, emboldened by his successes, he applied for an engagement at the present new theatre in Drury Lane, soon after it was opened. His application, however, was, unfortunately, too late, as every department of the establishment was already filled up.

By this disappointment he was left to continue on the provincial boards, until at length Dr. Drury, of Teignmouth, undertook his cause, and, by his favorable representation to Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, M. P. induced that gentleman to use his best efforts for procuring Mr. Kean's admission to the London theatre. With this view, Mr. Grenfell applied to Mr. Whitbread; and the powerful interest, thus called forth in aid of Mr. Kean's well-merited reputation, soon produced a determination to engage him at Drury-Lane, provided that his performance were found to answer the expectations which had been

raised. To ascertain that point, Mr. Arnold was commissioned to repair to Exeter, and, from his own observations on the spot, to form an estimate of Mr. Kean's pretensions to the honor of an introduction to a metropolitan audience.

Mr. Arnold was so well satisfied with the young candidate's performance, that a speedy engagement ensued; and Mr. Kean's talents were transplanted to Drury-Lane, where his first appearance, under this engagement, was in the character of Shylock, in which he gave great satisfaction to a discerning audience, though few in number, as his fame was not yet sufficiently spread in London, to attract such multitudinous assemblies as he has since witnessed on the nights of his performance. In Richard the Third, he excited the unbounded applause of an overflowing house: and so highly did the managing committee appreciate his talents, and the advantages which the concern could not fail to derive from his services, that they did not hesitate to cancel their existing agreement with him, and make a considerable addition to his salary, which had been originally settled at eight pounds a week. With a liberality, which, while it does them honor, has at the same time an evident tendency to promote the interests of the theatre entrusted to their management, they now (besides making him a present of a hundred guineas) engaged him for five years, at a salary of sixteen pounds a week, for the first year—eighteen, for the second—and twenty, for the remaining three—with a benefit, each season.

Under this new engagement, equally creditable to him as profitable, Mr. Kean still continues to exert his extraordinary powers at Drury-Lane, not only with undiminished, but with rapidly increasing applause, and is becoming, every day, more and more a favorite with the public.

Anecdotes of PETER *the* GREAT.

(*Continued from page 236.*)

PETER was too much addicted to the use of wine and other spirituous liquors, which inflaming his passions, naturally violent, rendered him at times absolutely furious and ferocious, and capable of every species of atrocity. During his childhood, he was surrounded by vicious and intemperate men, foreigners as well as Russians, whom his sister, the ambitious Sophia, desirous of having the reins of government in her own hands, had placed about his person, in order to degrade and render him contemptible in the eyes of the nation: but his genius and happy disposition enabled him to triumph over all these obstacles. With a better education, he would have learned to repress his passions, and would never have contracted the habit of drinking. His vices were given to him—we may almost say, forced upon him; but all the great qualities which he displayed throughout his whole reign—his desire for the public good, his attention to justice on every occasion—all his virtues, all his talents, he received from nature, which had formed him a truly great man.

Weary of hearing continual accounts of the robberies which were committed in every part of his empire, he came one day to the senate, and ordered one of his ministers instantly to draw up and publish a law, declaring, that, for every theft, however small, the offender should be immediately hanged. "But, Sire," said one of the senators to him, "have you sufficiently considered this law? I can assure your

Majesty, that, if your subjects are to be hanged for the least theft, you will very soon have none remaining; for, alas! Sire, we are all thieves, more or less: judge, then, whether it be expedient that your order should be carried into execution." The Czar laughed heartily at this speech; and, perceiving that he had been too precipitate, the law was not passed.

The *Slovo i delo**, by means of which any cruel and revengeful man, capable of bearing pain, might cause the death of another, was about to occasion the execution of a brave and honest Swedish officer in the service of the Czar. His servant, irritated against him upon some account or other, had accused him, by the *Slovo i delo* of conspiring against the life of Peter; and having suffered the knout without retracting the accusation, his master was just going to be delivered into the hands of the executioner, when Peter, reflecting upon the excellent character this officer had borne, his irreproachable conduct, and the possibility of his innocence, resolved upon endeavouring to save his life, and, in concert with a priest, succeeded in drawing the truth from the informer, who confessed his guilt, acknowledged the innocence of his master, and, as a punishment for his crime, was broken alive upon the wheel†.—It is very astonishing, that, after such an example, Peter did not abolish the *Slovo i delo*; but he thought it, perhaps, a necessary check to the numerous plots which continually threatened his life, and which were occasioned by the hatred that his innovations had excited.

The PRINCESS *of* WALES, *and the* 'DRAWING-ROOM.

IN our *Chronicle* for the present month, where we notice the Princess Charlotte's first appearance at her Majesty's 'Drawing-Room on the 2d of June, it is observed that her mother, the Princess of Wales, was not present.—On the subject of her absence, the following correspondence took place.

The Queen, to the Princess of Wales.

Windsor Castle, May 23, 1814.

The Queen considers it to be her duty to lose no time in acquainting the Princess of Wales, that she has received a communication from her son the Prince Regent, in which he states, that her Majesty's intention of holding two 'Drawing-rooms in the ensuing month having been notified to the public, he must declare, that he considers that his own presence at her Court cannot be dispensed with; and that he desires it may be distinctly understood, for reasons of which he alone can be the judge, to be his fixed and unalterable determination not to meet the Princess of Wales upon any occasion, either in public or private.

The Queen is thus placed under the painful necessity of intimating to the

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* The Secret Chancery was established in 1670, by which any person, accusing another by pronouncing the words "*Slovo i delo*," was compelled to receive three times the knout; and, if, after this, he still persisted in his accusation, the accused was condemned to suffer death by the same punishment.

† Although this phrase, of "*breaking on the wheel*," be the common English expression for the punishment in question—and, as such, was adopted by Pope, in the line, "Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?"—it is by no means correct. The criminal had his limbs broken (in eight places) upon a cross in the shape of an X; after which, he was placed on a wheel, and there left to expire, unless previously favored with the *coup de grâce*, or finishing stroke on the chest, which at once put an end to his life and his sufferings. The wheel, with the body on it, was stuck on a lofty pole in some public situation, where it was kept standing, as an object of terror to malefactors. In different parts of the continent, we have seen, by the road-sides, several of those wheels, with the blanched skeletons of the wretched sufferers mouldering on them. EDITOR.

Princess of Wales the impossibility of her Majesty's receiving her Royal Highness at her 'Drawing-rooms.

CHARLOTTE, R.

The Princess, to the Queen.

Madam—I have received the letter which your Majesty has done me the honor to address to me, prohibiting my appearance at the public 'Drawing-rooms which will be held by your Majesty in the ensuing month, with great surprise and regret.

I will not presume to discuss, with your Majesty, topics which must be as painful to your Majesty as to myself.

Your Majesty is well acquainted with the affectionate regard with which the King was so kind as to honor me, up to the period of his Majesty's indisposition, which no one of his Majesty's subjects has so much cause to lament as myself; and that his Majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon me the most unequivocal and gratifying proof of his attachment and approbation, by his public reception of me at his court, at a season of severe and unmerited affliction, when his protection was most necessary to me. There I have since uninterruptedly paid my respects to your Majesty. I am now without appeal or protector: but I cannot so far forget my duty to the King and to myself, as to surrender my right to appear at any public 'Drawing-room to be held by your Majesty.

That I may not, however, add to the difficulty and uneasiness of your Majesty's situation, I yield, in the present instance, to the will of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, announced to me by your Majesty, and shall not present myself at the 'Drawing-rooms of the next month.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to inquire of your Majesty the reasons of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent for this harsh proceeding, of which his Royal Highness can alone be the judge. I am unconscious of offence; and, in that reflexion, I must endeavour to find consolation for all the mortifications I experience—even for this, the last, the most unexpected, and the most severe—the prohibition, given to *me alone*, to appear before your Majesty, to offer my congratulations upon the happy termination of those calamities with which Europe has been so long afflicted, in the presence of the illustrious personages who will in all probability be assembled at your Majesty's court, with whom I am so closely connected by birth and marriage.

I beseech your Majesty to do me an act of justice, to which, in the present circumstances, your Majesty is the only person competent, by acquainting those illustrious strangers with the motives of personal consideration towards your Majesty, which alone induce me to abstain from the exercise of my right to appear before your Majesty; and that I do now, as I have done at all times, defy the malice of my enemies to fix upon me the shadow of any one imputation, which could render me unworthy of their society or regard.

Your Majesty will, I am sure, not be displeased that I should relieve myself from a suspicion of disrespect towards your Majesty, by making public the cause of my absence from court, at a time when the duties of my station would otherwise peculiarly demand my attendance.

I have the honor to be your Majesty's most obedient daughter-in-law and servant,

CAROLINE, P.

Connaught House, May 24, 1814.

The Princess, to the Regent.

Sir—I am once more reluctantly compelled to address your Royal Highness, and to inclose, for your inspection, copies of a note which I have had the honor to receive from the Queen, and of the answer which I have thought it my duty to return to her Majesty [*the two preceding pieces*]. It would be in vain for me to inquire into the reasons of the alarming declaration made by your Royal Highness, that you have taken the fixed and unalterable determination never to meet me, upon any occasion, either in public or private. Of these your Royal Highness is pleased to state yourself to be the only judge. You will perceive, by my answer to her Majesty, that I have only been restrained by motives of personal consideration towards her Majesty, from exercising my right of appearing before her Majesty, at the public 'Drawing-rooms, to be held in the ensuing month.

But, Sir, lest it should be by possibility supposed, that the words of your Royal Highness can convey any insinuation from which I shrink, I am bound to demand of your Royal Highness, what circumstances can justify the proceeding you have thus thought fit to adopt?

I owe it to myself, to my daughter, and to the nation, to which I am deeply indebted for the vindication of my honor, to remind your Royal Highness of what

you know—that, after open persecution and mysterious inquiries, upon undefined charges, the malice of my enemies fell entirely upon themselves; and that I was restored by the King, with the advice of his ministers, to the full enjoyment of my rank in his Court, upon my complete acquittal. Since his Majesty's lamented illness, I have demanded, in the face of Parliament and the country, to be proved guilty, or to be treated as innocent. I have been declared innocent—I will not submit to be treated as guilty.

Sir, your Royal Highness may possibly refuse to read this letter. But the world must know that I have written it; and they will see my real motives for foregoing, in this instance, the rights of my rank. Occasions, however, may arise (one, I trust, is far distant) when I *must* appear in public, and your Royal Highness *must* be present also. Can your Royal Highness have contemplated the full extent of your declaration? Has your Royal Highness forgotten the approaching marriage of our daughter, and the possibility of our coronation?

I wave my rights in a case where I am not absolutely bound to assert them, in order to relieve the Queen, as far as I can, from the painful situation in which she is placed by your Royal Highness; not from any consciousness of blame, not from any doubt of the existence of those rights, or of my own worthiness to enjoy them.

Sir, the time you have selected for this proceeding is calculated to make it peculiarly galling. Many illustrious strangers are already arrived in England; amongst others, as I am informed, the illustrious heir of the House of Orange, who has announced himself to me as my future son-in-law. From their society I am unjustly excluded. Others are expected, of rank equal to your own, to rejoice with your Royal Highness in the peace of Europe. My daughter will, for the first time, appear in the splendor and publicity becoming the approaching nuptials of the presumptive heiress of this empire. This season your Royal Highness has chosen for treating me with fresh and unprovoked indignity; and, of all his Majesty's subjects, *I alone* am prevented by your Royal Highness from appearing in my place, to partake of the general joy, and am deprived of the indulgence in those feelings of pride and affection, permitted to every mother but me.

I am, Sir, your Royal Highness's faithful wife, CAROLINE, P.

Connaught House, May 26, 1814.

The Queen, to the Princess.

Windsor Castle, May 25, 1814.

The Queen has received, this afternoon, the Princess of Wales's letter of yesterday, in reply to the communication which she was desired by the Prince Regent to make to her; and she is sensible of the disposition expressed by her Royal Highness not to discuss, with her, topics which must be painful to both.

The Queen considers it incumbent upon her to send a copy of the Princess of Wales's letter to the Prince Regent; and her Majesty could have felt no hesitation in communicating to the illustrious strangers, who may possibly be present at her Court, the circumstances which will prevent the Princess of Wales from appearing there, if her Royal Highness had not rendered a compliance with her wish to this effect unnecessary, by intimating her intention of making public the cause of her absence. CHARLOTTE, R.

The Princess, to the Queen.

The Princess of Wales has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a note from the Queen, dated yesterday; and begs permission to return her best thanks to her Majesty, for her gracious condescension, in the willingness expressed by her Majesty, to have communicated to the illustrious strangers, who will in all probability be present at her Majesty's Court, the reasons which have induced her Royal Highness not to be present.

Such communication, as it appears to her Royal Highness, cannot be the less necessary on account of any publicity which it may be in the power of her Royal Highness to give to her motives; and the Princess of Wales therefore entreats the active good offices of her Majesty, upon an occasion wherein the Princess of Wales feels it so essential to her that she should not be misunderstood.

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Connaught House, May 26, 1814.

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The Queen cannot omit to acknowledge the receipt of the Princess of Wales's note, of yesterday, although it does not appear to her Majesty to require any other reply than that conveyed to her Royal Highness's preceding letter.

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On the 3d of June, the following letter (together with the preceding correspon-

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I beseech your Majesty to do me an act of justice, to which, in the present circumstances, your Majesty is the only person competent, by acquainting those illustrious strangers with the motives of personal consideration towards your Majesty, which alone induce me to abstain from the exercise of my right to appear before your Majesty; and that I do now, as I have done at all times, defy the malice of my enemies to fix upon me the shadow of any one imputation, which could render me unworthy of their society or regard.

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CHARLOTTE, R.

On the 3d of June, the following letter (together with the preceding correspon-

dence) was communicated to the House of Commons, from the chair.

The Princess, to the Speaker.

The Princess of Wales desires Mr. Speaker will inform the House of Commons, that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been advised to take such steps as have prevented her from appearing at Court, and to declare his Royal Highness's "fixed and unalterable determination never to meet the Princess of Wales upon any occasion, either in public or private."

The proceedings of 1806 and 1807, and last year, are in the recollection of the House, as well as the ample and unqualified vindication of the Princess's conduct, to which those proceedings led.

It is impossible for the Princess of Wales to conceal from herself the intention of the advice which has now been given to the Prince Regent, and the probability that there may be ultimate objects in view, pregnant with danger to the security of the succession, and the domestic peace of the realm.

Under these circumstances, even if the Princess's duty towards herself could suffer her to remain silent, her sense of what is due to her daughter, and to the highest interests of the country, compels her to make this communication to the House of Commons.

The Princess of Wales incloses a copy of the correspondence which has passed, and requests Mr. Speaker to communicate it to the House of Commons.

Connaught House, June 3, 1814.

The reading of those documents produced a debate, which was carried on in secret, with closed doors and empty galleries. But it has since transpired, that a motion was made by Mr. Methuen—

"That an humble address be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to pray his Royal Highness that he will be graciously pleased to acquaint this House, by whose advice his Royal Highness was induced to form the "fixed and unalterable determination never to meet her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales upon any occasion, either in private or public," as communicated by his Royal Highness to her Majesty, together with the reasons submitted to his Royal Highness, upon which such advice was founded."

The mover, however, was afterward induced to withdraw his motion for the present, but with the avowed intention of again bringing the subject before the House, if necessary.

On the 23d, Mr. Methuen again introduced the business, by moving, that the House should, on the following Tuesday, take the above correspondence into consideration: but, after a debate, he withdrew his motion, upon an understanding that an addition should be made to the Princess'es income, which was stated to be £22,000 a year, *viz.* £5,000 from the Exchequer, and £17,000 from the Prince.—In the course of the debate, Lord Castlereagh is stated to have said, that the separation between the Prince and Princess "*is, in point of fact, as complete and final, and as hopeless, with respect to remedy, as any transaction in human society can be supposed to be.*"

POETRY.

Invocations, *serious and comic.*

By Mr. J. M. Lacey.

Address to a Chimney-Sweeper *on a Lamp-iron, during the Procession to Guildhall, June 18th.*

Oh! child of curiosity, so grim,
  Who from thy post of iron thus canst dangle,
Say, which thou likest—him, or him, or him—
  Bedizen'd thus with garter, star, and spangle?

I see, thou rubbest much thy poor red eyes:
  The question's hard; thou canst not well decide it.
Thy words are check'd by wonder and surprise,
  To see how gallantly the great folk ride it.

And now thou smilest, gentle chimney-sweep!
  And show'st thy teeth so white:—thy heart's delighted.
More frequently, alas! 'tis thine to weep:—
  I wish thy wrongs, thy bitter wrongs, were righted.

To-day, at least, thou'rt happy! Tell me, 'pray,
  Which of the throng thou would'st be glad to change with,

Here's Prince, and King, and Emperor so gay:
But those are names, perhaps, thou'rt rather strange with;
And 'tis as well thou should'st: for, know, poor lad,
They are not always happy, always winning.
Like thee, they're mortal; and 'tis very sad,
To think, like common men, that they know sinning.

Then here are dukes, and marquisses, and earls,
And lords, and barons, of each various nation;
And men of law, with wigs all full of curls—
Judges, and counsellors of highest station.

Still thou art mum!—Well, here are men of arms,
Gen'rals, who fought not for the love of lucre.
Surely that Czernicheff must have his charms;
If not, there's Platoff, and the brave old Blucher.

What! speechless still! well, then, my lad of smoke,
If generals don't please, I'd lay a wager,
Thou would'st not change, except it were in joke,
With col'nel, captain, ensign, serjeant major.

Look at those coachmen plaster'd o'er with gold,
Those footmen too, their very masters mocking.
See their bag-wigs! their cock'd hats, too, behold!
And on each leg observe the white silk stocking.

Go, change with them; for thine, poor imp, are bare.—
Still dumb, thou black and most provoking creature?
Well, then, go trudge, like those, pair after pair,
A yeoman of the guard, a fat beef-eater.

Oh! now thou grinnest! 'tis for that you sigh!
Well, boy, when I'm made laureat, I'll endeavour
To get thee made a yeoman.—Now let's cry,
"The King and Russia's Emperor for ever!"

The Prison.

By Mr. J. M. Lacey.

(*Continued from page* 239.)

Yon aged man, with hair of silver grey,
Spent in the mimic scene life's earlier day.
For years, he trod the world-depicting stage,
Where all may view the features of the age;
Where, while morality shall prop the scene,
And chaste decorum keep the drama clean,
Virtue may gaze with unaverted eye,
And Modesty may hear without a sigh.
With talents versatile, 'twas his to play
Each various part, the tragic and the gay;
And oft the audience, by his pow'rs beguil'd,
Wept for his sorrows, at his pleasures smil'd;
Froze with mute anguish, as they sat to hear
The wild but pensive accents of old Lear;
In Richard mark'd each mad ambitious plan,
Admir'd the hero, but despis'd the man;
And, so deceiv'd by mimic action's pow'r,
So deeply lost in fancy's fiction'd hour,
That, hating both the tyrant and his laws,
They robb'd the actor of his just applause;
In Shylock saw each crafty, baleful art,
The worst emotions of the human heart;
Shudder'd, lest he should virtue's form enthral,
And gladly saw the venom'd villain fall.
But when, in upright nobleness of soul,
They saw him checking infamy's controul,
Placing his breast a guard for Virtue's cause,
While Vice in her career appear'd to pause;
Then, should he fall in tragic woe sublime,
The victim of some proud usurper's crime;
As he yields up his last, his dying breath,
Loud plaudits crown the actor's mimic death.
Or, when in comedy he bade them smile,
Warm commendations crown'd his happier toil:
The laughter-loving gall'ries, critic pit,
And gayer boxes, all admir'd his wit.
Thus, long a fav'rite of the changeful town,
He gain'd an actor's eminent renown.
All circles hail'd him to their welcome feast,
And warm respect his ev'ry joy increas'd.
A salary profuse 'twas his to share,
Sufficient to remove each want, each care;

A salary for times like ours to pay,
Unknown to actors of an ancient day,
On whom no lib'ral manager would smile:
Now, almost pounds for minutes* cheer
their toil!—
Still 'twas his lot, his luckless lot, to be
Curs'd with the waste of his fraternity.
Folly expanded wide her 'witching arms,
And Dissipation spread her baneful charms:
But Poverty their close attendant came;
And ev'ry year stole something from his
fame.
As age approach'd—a sad and solemn
hour—
No more to charm the throng he had the
pow'r:
And want in direst shape assail'd his
breast,
While anguish robb'd his moments of all
rest.
Pity attended not his thoughtless fall;
For competence had been within his call;
And even wealth had waited his embrace,
While he had join'd in Folly's frantic race.
Thus, when his years an old man's com-
forts claim,
The only fruits he reaps are grief and
shame;
And, to increase still more his wretched
state,
This prison, to receive him, op'd its gate.

(To be continued.)

The TEARS *of* ELLEN.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

TEAR X.

In vain I sleep: in vain I wake:
In vain I strive to smile.
This poor believing heart must break;
It knows no artful wile.

Had Edward's soul been warm'd by truth,
Hope might have smil'd on me:
But ah! he knew not, faithless youth!
Thy joys, sweet constancy.

The world has lost its ev'ry charm,
Nor boasts the pow'r to save;
And now I look, without alarm,
For peace beyond the grave.

And, when life's little scene shall close,
Its failings all forgiv'n,
My soul shall spring from earthly woes,
To all the bliss of heav'n

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* This was written about the time when Master Betty first made his appearance; and points more at some of the immense salaries paid at the King's Theatre, than at either of the regular play-houses.

Song.

Parody of " The Beggar Boy."

Written for the Anniversary of a Charitable Institution.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

Bereft of parents, friendless quite,
The orphan droops in mis'ry's night;
Even Hope has fled away,
No more to give her cheering ray.
Daughters of Charity,
Sons of Humanity,
Oh! pity the child of the poor.

Sadly wand'ring, weak and cold,
Hunger makes the orphan bold:
Crime may mark the trembler's doom,
And untimely ope' his tomb.
Daughters of Charity, &c.

Oh! then, sure, 'tis bliss to give
The means to make the suff'rer live.
Charity, divinely bright,
Spreads around her radiant light.
Daughters of Charity, &c

Lo! the child of want or shame
Blesses now each bounteous name,
Of those who sav'd from sin its soul,
By Mercy's angel-like controul.
Daughters of Charity,
Sons of Humanity,
Oh! pity the child of the poor.

The DAISY.

ANOTHER flow'r uprears its head
From Nature's rude, but genial bed,
To tell of coming spring:
'Tis but a daisy's common bloom,
That bursts from earth's protecting womb,
Its simple charm to bring.

And sweet the charm, when early seen
A silver gem upon the green,
While wintry blasts yet rise.
To man it speaks of summer's day:
The child admires the flow'ret gay,
And culls the tempting prize.

Then, while I may, I'll give it praise;
For, soon as summer's beamy days
Shall fill the world with flow'rs,
From such a bloom no charm we know;
For then the beauteous rose will blow,
With all its fragrant pow'rs.

J. M. LACEY.

To PEACE.

A Fragment.

CELESTIAL pow'r! beneath what genial
zone
Hast thou erected thine auspicious throne?
Dost thou reside where Chili's mountains
rise,

In awful grandeur, mingling with the skies,
Where no rude cloud aspires to reach thy seat,
But all submissive roll beneath thy feet?
Or dost thou swift on halcyon pinions glide,
Where Plata rolls her silver-laden tide,
Midst blossom'd groves, and amarantine bow'rs,
Where smiling Flora boasts her "isle of flow'rs,"
Where bending blooms their thirsty petals lave
In the cool bosom of the azure wave;
And flow'ring shrubs in rich luxuriance glow
With all the hues of heav'n's refracted bow?
Or didst thou, when from Eden's garden driv'n,
Forsake offending earth, and mount to heav'n,
And leave that fiend, fierce Discord, to disgrace
The fair-form'd scene, and murder man's frail race?
Ah! no! thou still endur'st our wayward clime,
Though black with guilt, and "crimson'd o'er by crime."
Yes, still 'tis thine, celestial Pow'r! to rest
Where virtuous actions tranquillise the breast.

Haverhill. CHARLES JAMES WEBB.

Epitaph on a [illegible]*thy* CLERGYMAN.

WHEN worth departed claim'd our friendly tear,
We felt our loss, as bending o'er thy bier.
A shepherd thou, who fed thy flock in peace,
Nor starv'd thy sheep, while coveting their fleece.
Virtues like thine, mild shade! will ever rest,
With fond remembrance, in each village breast:
And, while our bounty rears this fragile tomb,
To distant ages may thy mem'ry bloom.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

To the Memory of ORION WEBB, *an Infant, who died, April 7th, aged 2 Hours.*

DEAR babe! how short thy stay! a petty space!
For such a glorious prize, how short a race!
Thine was a favor'd lot! thou didst not sip
Of life's sour cup: it scarcely touch'd thy lip.
No throes convulsive wrung thy tender frame,
Nor tort'ring pangs, nor fever's burning flame.
Soft, as a Zephyr, at mild eve's bland close,
Expires within the bosom of the rose,
The new-born cherub yielded up its breath,
And sweetly sunk in thy soft slumbers, Death!
Dear babe! for thee what parent need repine?
Who would not wish for such a fate as thine?
Hadst thou been spar'd to youth's impassion'd hour,
Temptation might have tarnish'd health's fair flow'r,
And weeping relatives, in life's fair bloom,
Consign'd their hope to wither in the tomb.
Here, parents, pause!—if e'er your melting tear
Falls on your blasted joys, your offspring dear—
And wisdom learn; nor this sage maxim slight,
When Heav'n demands, "whatever is, is right."

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

JULIA'S GRAVE.

THE harp of Julia slumbers!
Those lips no more shall move,
That once in tuneful numbers
Won ev'ry heart to love.

Nor shall the sound of gladness
Awake the child of song;
But mark'd by silent s[illegible]ness
The hours shall pass along.

Then let me seek the willow,
That bends o'er yon green wave;
For there shall be my pillow;
For there is Julia's grave.

The good OLD TIMES.

'TIS past—War drops his crimson'd lance;
The Bourbons mount the throne,
And re-assume their Spain and France,
To rule by love alone.
Resolv'd to prove that France and Spain
Have better'd their condition,
One bids the *slave-trade* thrive again,
And one the *Inquisition* *.

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* See the "*Chronicle*" in our present Number, under the date of *June* 3.

The POET *and the* CRITICS.
By Mr. JAMES FITZGERALD.

SAYS Martin to Ned, " 'Tis a terrible pity
Those rascally critics so mangle each ditty!
Let me write what I will, 'tis the very same thing:
They all fall upon me, the moment I sing!
Now what shall I do, Ned, to make them give o'er?"—
"I'll tell you," quoth he:—" do not sing any more."

The SOT *and the* STAIRCASE.
(*From the French.*)

A LOVER once of the Septembrian juice
Had of th' aforesaid made such copious use,
That ways and means to him were wanting
An easy staircase to ascend;
When, after many steps now round, now slanting,
That led him further from his journey's end,
With an unlucky stair his foot engages.
He fell, and with a hiccough swore,
Proud as a patriarch of yore,
They built most scurvily in former ages.

The RE-UNION *of departed* FRIENDS.
(*From the Greek of Antiphanes.*)

WHEN those whom love and blood endear
Lie cold upon the fun'ral bier,
How fruitless are our tears of woe!
How vain the grief that bids them flow!
Those friends lamented are not dead,
Though dark to us the road they tread.
All soon must follow to the shore,
Where they have only gone before.
Shine but to-morrow's sun, and we,
Compell'd by equal destiny,
Shall in one common home embrace,
Where they have first prepar'd our place.

HOME.
(*From the Greek of Leonidas.*)

CLING to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thy head;
And some poor plat, with vegetables stor'd,
Be all that Heav'n allots thee for thy board,
Unsav'ry bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow,
Wild on the river-brink or mountain brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose, than all the world beside.

JUSTICE.
(*From the Greek of Solon.*)

SHORT are the triumphs to injustice giv'n;
Jove sees the end of all: like vapors driv'n
By early spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
Or, passing o'er the fields of tender green,
Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,
And gives the palace of the gods to view;
Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,
Where not a cloud can form, nor vapor rise;
Such is Jove's vengeance; not like human ire,
Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,
But slow and certain: though it long may lie
Wrapp'd in the vast concealment of the sky,
Yet never does the dread avenger sleep;
And, though the sire escape, the son shall weep.

FASHIONS
FOR
JULY.

Morning Walking-Dress.—A robe dress of white muslin, with triple flounce, and full long sleeves, and made high on the neck; over which a spencer of salmon-colored crape, with full sleeves, with five or six divisions, tied in small bows of white ribbon; the front ornamented with white floss trimming: the collar made to fall back on the shoulders; the breast open: a bracer of white satin ribbon, to tie in front in a full bow.—The Prussian hat with square crown; the front rim rather broad; composed of the same stuff as the spencer, over white satin, with an ostrich feather on one side.—The hair in full curls on the forehead and sides, with a small wreath of white roses in front.—Shoes of colored kid.—Gloves of white or lemon-colored kid.—Parasol to correspond with the dress.—An occasional white French silk scarf, with worked ends.

Evening Dress.—A white satin slip worn under a salmon-colored crape robe dress; the bodice made low; ornamented with white floss silk on a border of lace, with a triple trimming in the form of roses, *fleurs de lis*, and laurel, to come half way up to the knee: the dress of a moderate walking length: the sleeves of white crape, made full and long, with five or six divisions, tied at regular distances with white satin ribbon, in the form of small roses: bracer of silver ribbon, with a pearl clasp in front.—Hair in full curls in front and round the head, with a small wreath of roses on one side.—Ear-rings of diamonds.—Necklace of colored brilliants.—Bracelets *en suite.*—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Fan of frosted crape.

General Observations.—Morning walking-dresses are generally white muslin long robes, over which is worn the spencer of colored crape or satin, made with full long sleeves, divided, as before described. Figured muslin is also much worn in morning dresses, with bodice of different color, with the *épaulette* shoulder-strap to correspond. The feet of morning dresses have deep trimmings of needle-work full half way to the knee; the bosom generally made plain and high; the sleeves always full.—The Prussian hat, composed of white satin and colored crape, is in much request, with feathers on one side.—The Oldenburg bonnet is rapidly giving way to the lighter and less cumbrous coverings for the head; while the Angoulême bonnet is gaining in the public estimation.—Head-dresses—the hair falling off the forehead in full curls on the temples and back of the head. Flowers are generally worn in the hair—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl.—Gloves of colored kid.—Shoes of black kid.

Half Dresses are of spotted or figured muslin, in small variegated sprigs, made as the round robe dress, rather short, with high neck made plain; the sleeves of white muslin, made full and long, with four or five divisions tied with small bows of white ribbon: the bottom of the dress ornamented with a broad trimming of lace.—Head-dress, a cap composed of thread lace and white satin, with a small cluster of flowers on one side.—The hair in full curls round the face.—Ear-rings and bracelets of pearl.—Shoes of colored kid.—Gloves, white, or lemon-colored.

Evening Dresses are generally of colored crape, worn over slips of white satin; bodice of the same, ornamented with a full plaiting of lace round the bosom and shoulders, the bottom of the robe ornamented nearly to the knee with silk floss on plaitings of lace: the sleeves are generally of white crape, made full and long, or short sleeves of colored crape to correspond with the robe, looped up in the centre with a row of large pearls; the shoulder-strap to fall low on the arm; the bosom and back made low. —The hair in full curls in front, and round the head, to turn up in a small knot behind, surrounded with a wreath of roses.—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.—Bracelets *en suite.*—Slippers of white satin.—Gloves of white kid—Fan of frosted crape, with a small wreath of colored flowers for the border.

BOOKS *recently published.*

Miscellaneous.

History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge. By G. Dyer. £2. 2*s*.

Chalmers's Biographic Dictionary, Vol. XV. 12*s*.

Inquiry into the History of Scotland, preceding the year 1056. By J. Pinkerton. £1. 16*s*.

Chronicles of Scotland by Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie. Published from old MSS. £1. 1*s*.

Border Antiquities of England and Scotland. By Walter Scott. Part VII. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Literary History of the Middle Ages. By the Rev. Joseph Berrington. £2. 2*s*.

Illustrations of Northern Antiquities; with Translations of Metrical Tales. £3. 3*s*.

Travels to the Source of the Missouri River, and across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean. By Captains Lewis and Clarke. £2. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Novels.

The Predestined Thief.

The Princess; or the Royal Libertines. 18*s*.

Morntou. By Margaret Cullen. 18*s*.

Mansfield Park. 18*s*.

Drama.

Debtor and Creditor. By J. Kenney. 3*s*.

Intrigue. By J. Poole. 1*s*. 6*d*.

Poetry.

Song of Triumph. By W. Sotheby. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Commemoration of Reynolds. By M. A. Shee. 6*s*.

Ode on the Deliverance of Europe. By J. H. Merivale. 1*s*. 6*d*.

St. Elian's; or the Cursing Well. By Charlotte Wardle. 6*s*.

CHRONICLE.

The King.—Bulletin of June 4.—"The King's health has been uninterruptedly good, and his Majesty has been very tranquil throughout the last month, though his Majesty's disorder continues without any sensible alteration."

The 'Drawing-Room.—June 2, the Queen held a 'Drawing-room at Buckingham-House, which was most numerously attended.—On this occasion, the Princess Charlotte made her first appearance at a public 'Drawing-room: but the Princess her mother was not present.—[*On the subject of her absence, see the Correspondence in page* 283 *of our present Number; and, for the Ladies' dresses, page* 297.]

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *June* 2, eleven pence, three farthings —*June* 9, eleven pence, half-penny—*June* 16, and 23, eleven pence, three farthings.

Stock-jobbing Conspiracy.—June 9, in the Court of King's Bench, after a trial of two days, before Lord Ellenborough and a special jury of London merchants, the defendants, C. Random de Berenger, Lord Thomas Cochrane, the Hon. Andrew Cochrane Johnstone, Richard Gathorn Butt, Ralph Sandon, Alexander M'Rae, John Peter Holloway, and Henry Lyte, were all found *Guilty* of that fraudulent conspiracy noticed in our Numbers for February and March, pp. 104 and 151.—On the 14th, Lord Cochrane appeared in court, and moved for a new trial, at least in his own case: but, as *all the persons* who had been found guilty with him, *were not present*, the judge could not grant the request, consistently with a rule of the court, which requires the appearance of all the parties.—On the 20th, they were called on in court, and all answered to their names, except Mr. Cochrane Johnstone and Mr. M'Rae.—A motion was now made on the part of Mr. Butt for an arrest of judgement; and Lord Cochrane offered three affidavits, besides a new one made by himself, with the view of obtaining a new trial: but Mr. Butt's objections were over-ruled, Lord Cochrane's affidavits not admitted, and all the defendants present were committed to custody. On this occasion, Lord Cochrane addressed the court in a long speech, tending to show the improbability of his having had any concern in the fraud.—On the 21st, the six defendants were brought up to receive judgement, and were sentenced, as follows—Lord Cochrane and Mr. Butt to a fine of £1,000 each—Lord Cochrane, Mr. Butt, and De Berenger, to the pillory—and all the six to twelve months' imprisonment.

[*London, May* 25] *Cruelty to Horses.*—W. Crane, driver of a hackney coach, was lately summoned before the commissioners, on a charge of cruelty to his horses, and abuse to a gentleman who had noticed his conduct. They would have fined him: but, as the fine would have fallen upon his father, they contented themselves with suspending the offender from driving any hackney coach for three months.

[26] *Geneva, May* 11.—The Ministers Plenipotentiary of the High Allied Powers have authorised the publication of a document which ensures to the Republic of Geneva an existence as a Swiss Canton.

[27] Dispatches from Sir Henry Wellesley state that a revolution has taken place at Madrid. Ferdinand VII. had overturned the Constitution devised by the Cortes. He entered Madrid, escorted by a body of Spanish guards. A Spanish general surrounded the Cortes, and ordered them to disperse in the name of the King. The populace took part with his Majesty; and, after much tumult, the Cortes were compelled to quit their place of meeting. A number of the most determined senators were arrested, and imprisoned.—This revolution was effected without bloodshed.

[30] *Copenhagen, May* 3.—The Diet, assembled in Norway by Prince Christian Frederic, has terminated its sittings. The Swedish party has been completely vanquished: the bishop Stum and the pastor Wesgeland have been arrested, as chiefs of this party. The republicans, who did not wish for a King, but to have an Executive Directory of nine members, have also been overcome. Prince Christian has obtained in his favor a great majority of suffrages. The constitution which has been definitely agreed upon, confers on him the crown of Norway, to be transmitted to his descendants; the power of making laws is confided to an assembly composed, exclusively, of landed proprietors. The constitution contains, in all, only nine articles.

[30] *Wife's Debts.*—A dress-maker brought an action against Mr. Griffin (an attorney, in a moderate way of business) to recover £105 for fashionable dresses furnished to his wife, chiefly without his

knowledge.—The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, for £5 15*s*. the price of *one* dress, which he had seen her try on.

[31] *Venice, May* 15.—The Governor General, Prince Reuss Plauen, has published a proclamation, declaring the articles of the Code Napoleon, which make marriage a mere civil contract, to be contrary to the Catholic religion, and abolishing them.

[*June* 1] A dispatch from Sir George Prevost, dated Quebec, March 12, states the retreat of the American Army under Major-General Wilkinson, between the 12th and 16th of February, from the frontier of Lower Canada to Sackett's Harbour, Burlington, and Plattsburg.

[1] *The King of Sardinia* has been restored to his sovereignty, and entered Turin, May 20th, amid the acclamations of the people.

[1] At the *Old Bailey*, yesterday, thirteen malefactors were sentenced to death, among whom were two *women* for *coining;* —six were sentenced to transportation for life—four for fourteen years—twelve for seven years;—thirty-two to imprisonment for different periods—and seven to be whipped:—six were fined, one shilling each; and fourteen discharged by proclamation.

[3] *Peace.*—The definitive treaty of peace between the allied powers on the one hand, and France on the other, was signed at Paris by the plenipotentiaries of all the contracting parties, on the 30th of May; and the peace was formally proclaimed in the French capital on the same day.—By this treaty, the territory of France is reduced to the limits which it had on the first of January 1792, with, however, some accessions on different points of the frontiers. Holland is also to receive an increase of territory, with a proviso that the sovereignty shall in no case be vested in a prince succeeding to a foreign crown. The states of Germany to be independent, and united in federation. Switzerland to be also independent. Italy, out of the limits of the countries which return to Austria, to consist of sovereign states. The possession of Malta confirmed to England. The colonies, fisheries, factories, and establishments of every species, which France possessed, on the 1st of January 1792, in the seas, or in the continents of America, Africa, and Asia, are restored to her, with the exception of Tobago and St. Lucie, the Isle of France and its dependencies, Rodrique and les Sechelles, which are ceded to England. The former Spanish part of St. Domingo is given back to Spain. Sweden also consents to restore to France the Island of Guadaloupe; and Portugal to restore French Guiana. France not to erect any fortifications in her establishments in India. France to have the same right of fishery at Newfoundland, as in 1792. Ships, artillery, &c. at the maritime places surrendered by France, to be given, two thirds to her, and one third to the power to whom they shall belong, with the exception of places that fell into the power of the allies before the 23d of April, the vessels and arsenals belonging to Holland, and the Texel fleet. Antwerp to be in future only a port of commerce. Plenipotentiaries to assemble at Vienna, to complete, in a general congress, the arrangements of the treaty. The treaties of 1805 and 1809, the treaty of Basle in 1795, that of Tilsit in 1807, and the convention of Paris in 1808, are annulled. An additional article in the treaty with Russia stipulates, with respect to the Duchy of Warsaw, that commissioners shall be appointed to make arrangements relative to reciprocal pretensions. The additional articles in the treaty between this country and France consist of a sort of *compromise respecting the slave-trade*, the French Government promising to unite its efforts with England at a future congress to procure the general abolition of the trade, and to *abolish* it on the part of France in *five years*.

[3] The *Inquisition* has been re-established in Spain by a decree of the king.

[3] A French paper says there are now *twelve thousand* English at Paris.

[3] New potatoes were sold in Edinburgh, on Thursday last, at four shillings the Scotch pint, that is, two English quarts.

[6] *Canada.*—The House of Assembly of Lower Canada had impeached the two chief justices, Sevill and Monk, and addressed the Governor, Sir G. Prevost, praying for their immediate suspension: —the governor refused to suspend them: —the assembly voted that the governor had violated the constitutional rights and privileges of the House;—and the governor soon afterward dissolved the assembly, on the 24th of March.

[6] *Education of the Poor.*—From the anniversary Report of the National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Church of England, it appears, that, since their last anniversary, 151 schools have been united to their

body, making the whole number under their patronage 381; and that, in these 151 new schools, are educated 22,370 children, making, with those of the old schools, an aggregate of 62,000.

[7] May 26, the Senate of Hamburg issued a proclamation, announcing that it had resumed its functions, and convoking an assembly of the citizens to consider of the measures to be adopted in the new posture of affairs.

[8] Yesterday, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia arrived in London. They came separately, and by different and circuitous routes, and entered the metropolis in a private manner, unnoticed and unknown; while the direct road, by which they had been expected to arrive, was crowded with thousands of people, assembled in the hope of seeing them pass.—The Emperor took up his residence at the Pulteney Hotel in Piccadilly—the Prussian monarch at Clarence House, St. James's. In the course of the day, Generals Blücher and Platoff, and several other distinguished foreigners, arrived.—When General Blücher was introduced to our Regent at Carlton House, the Prince invested him with a blue ribbon, to which was appended a beautiful medallion, with a likeness of the Prince, richly set with diamonds.

[9] *Catholic Board.*—June 3, a proclamation was issued by the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council of Ireland, forbidding all future meetings of the Catholic Board.

[9] *French Constitution.*—June 4, the new constitutional charter was presented by the King, for the approbation of the Legislative Body and the Senate. Among the provisions are the following—Impartial taxation, without distinction of rank—The R. Catholic the established religion; with freedom of conscience and worship to all others—The ministers of *all Christian* sects to be paid by the state—The press free—All property irrevocable—A general amnesty for opinions and votes previous to the Restoration—A House of Peers, of indefinite number, to be nominated by the King—their dignity hereditary, or not, at his pleasure—their deliberations to be secret—no peer to be arrested, except by authority of the House, or tried, but by it, in criminal matters—A House of Deputies, to be chosen by electoral colleges in the several departments, and elected for five years—one fifth of the number renewable every year—no deputy eligible under the age of forty, nor unless he pay, in direct taxes, 1000 livres [£41. 13*s*. 4*d*.] — Voters for deputies must have attained the age of thirty, and pay, in direct taxes, 300 livres [£12. 10*s*.]—The debates of the deputies to be public—but the doors to be shut on the demand of five members—The King to be the proposer of every law—but either House may request the King to propose a law—but not till the subject have been discussed in a secret committee—No taxation without the consent of both Houses, and the royal sanction—The judges named by the King, irremovable—The trial by jury preserved—Ministers may be impeached by the Deputies, and tried and judged by the Peers—The public debt guaranteed—The ancient nobility resume their titles—the new retain theirs—The King may create nobles at pleasure.

[10] *Murder.*—May 27, at Tichfield, James Beavis, after having breakfasted very sociably with his wife, deliberately cut her throat with a razor.

[10] Advices from Gottenburg announce, that Prince Christian has been proclaimed King of Norway.

[10] All that remained of the allied troops in Paris, set out from that capital on Saturday last, on their return home.

[10] Yesterday, after a court held at Carlton House, our Regent invested the King of Prussia with the insignia of the Order of the Garter, and the King invested the Regent with those of the Prussian order of the Golden Eagle.

[13] On the nights of the 9th, 10th, and 11th, the inhabitants of our metropolis celebrated the return of peace by general and brilliant illuminations.

[14 Accounts from Norway inform us of the final acceptance of the Government of that country, by the Prince, now King Christian I. who took the oaths of fidelity to the people and Constitution, in the presence of the Diet, renouncing all claims to the succession of the crown of Denmark. All who acknowledge the authority of the King of Denmark, or who do not approve of the new order of things, are permitted to leave the country.

[16] *The Sabbath.*—An ordinance has recently been issued in France, to enforce the observance of the Sabbath—but still allowing public shows, music, and dancing, after the hour of five in the afternoon.

[17] The late Paris papers contain an account of the public entrance of the Pope into Rome, on the 24th ult, attended by

the Ex-King of Spain, Charles IV. and his consort, the Queen of Etruria, the King of Sardinia, &c.

[18] *Rio Janeiro, April* 21.—Very urgent representations have been made by the British agents to persuade the Prince Regent to return to Europe, but they have been wholly ineffectual; he has, however, consented that his son and the Princess Dowager should revisit Lisbon. —The reason of his reluctance to comply with the wishes of England is, that his compliance would oblige him to leave an aged mother of 80 years, who is wholly incapable of sustaining a second voyage across the Atlantic, and whom he could never see more.

[18] By a calculation mentioned in the French papers, it appears, that, within the last nine years, the ambition of Bonaparté has cost that country one million, six hundred thousand conscripts.

[18] Yesterday, the merchants and bankers of London gave a grand dinner, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, to the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other illustrious foreigners. The expense was partly defrayed by a subscription of two hundred individuals, at thirty guineas each; the deficiency being supplied by the stewards.

[20] *The ratifications of the treaty of peace* between Great Britain and France were exchanged on the 17th instant, by Lord Castlereagh and the Comte de la Châtre.

[20] Yesterday, the Corporation of London gave a grand entertainment at Guildhall, to the Regent and the illustrious foreigners now on a visit to London. The Regent, to give it greater *éclat*, went in state with the full splendor of his court. The procession was magnificent: several thousand troops lined the streets: Guildhall was fitted up, for the occasion, in a style of unusual magnificence; and the plate alone, which was displayed on the tables, amounted in value to at least £200,000; all the companies having sent in their most costly vessels.

[21] *Madrid, June* 5.—Our official Gazette contains a decree of the King relative to the re-establishment of the religious communities of women.

[21] Yesterday, *peace was solemnly proclaimed* in Westminster and London

[22] The Senate of Hamburg has published an ordinance for the re-establishment of the Bank. It has been proved by authentic documents, that Davoust plundered that establishment, "at one fell swoop," of above seven millions and a half of marks banco.

[22] The King of Spain has banished the three members of the late Regency; but he has confirmed the grant and honors conferred by them on the Duke of Wellington.

[22] A letter from Madrid, dated June 6, says, "by a decree of the King all lodges of Freemasons are abolished in Spain."

[23] Yesterday morning, the Russian and Prussian monarchs set out from London, on their return to their own dominions—but by the circuitous route of Portsmouth, for the sake of witnessing the intended naval review off that port.—The Regent set out for Portsmouth about the same time.

[24] King Ferdinand of Spain issued a decree on the 4th inst. for punishing those officers who had served the French cause under the intrusive King Joseph. By this decree all military officers down to the rank of captains are banished for life, with their wives and families; the wife during the life-time of her husband; but the children under twenty-one years of age are not included. The same rule applies to such captains as are supposed to have acted under the authority of their chiefs. All civil authorities, from the Counsellors of State down to the Commissaries of War, partake of the same fate (with their families) as military officers holding rank above that of a captain. And all other civil officers who received salary under the government of King Joseph are declared unworthy of holding any situation under the Crown.

[24] *The Princess Charlotte.*—From the debates in the House of Commons last night, it appears that the negotiation, for the Princess'es marriage with the Hereditary Prince of Orange, was broken off, either on or soon after the 10th of June. —Report says, that the rupture originated in the Royal Maid's reluctance to quit England at present, even for a short period, and leave the Princess her mother, under existing circumstances.

[24] *Unsigned Will.*—Mr. J. Isaacson had given instructions for a will to be prepared for him to sign, but died before it was completed. Its purport was to provide for his natural child; and, his intentions being clearly proved, the will was yesterday confirmed in the Prerogative Court, Doctors' Commons.

[24] *Conspiracy.*— Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, John Askew and

his wife, and Mary Hipwood, were sentenced, all three to twelve months' imprisonment, and the Askews to the pillory, for a conspiracy to take away the lives of several persons, by falsely representing a legal execution as a felony, and indicting them for house-breaking and robbery.

[25] *Divorce.*—Yesterday, in the Consistory Court, Doctors' Commons, two wives obtained divorces from their husbands—the one for adultery, the other for adultery and cruelty.

[27] *Naval Review.*—June 23 and 24, the Prince Regent, with the Russian and Prussian monarchs, reviewed the fleet at Portsmouth, consisting of fourteen ships of the line, besides frigates and other vessels. On each of those days, a masterly display of naval tactics took place; and, on the latter, an exhibition bearing some resemblance to a sea fight, which afforded great satisfaction to the royal party and an immense concourse of spectators.

BORN.

May 24. Of Mrs. J. H. Allen, Portland-place, a son and heir.

Of Mrs. Dorville, York-street, Portman-square, a daughter.

26. Of the Duchess of Roxburgh, a daughter, who lived but a short time.

27. Of the Hon. Mrs. C. Morland, a daughter, who lived only a few hours.

Of Mrs. Severn, of Penyboot Hall, Radnorshire, a son and heir.

Of Mrs. Chas. Manners Sutton, a son.

30. Of Mrs. John Louis Goldsmid, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Brigade-Major Treeve, a son.

June 4. Of the Hon. Mrs. Hoare, a daughter.

6. Of the Lady of the Bishop of London, a son.

9. Of Mrs. Halliburton, Guildford-street, a son.

Of Mrs. Travers, New Broad-street, a daughter.

13. Of Mrs. Jones Burdett, a son.

17. Of Mrs. Haslewood, Fitzroy-square, a daughter.

MARRIED.

May 24. Lord Folkstone, to Miss Mildmay.

25. The Rev. G. Thomas Pretyman, to Miss Amelia Tower.

26. Col. Huddlestone, to Miss Harriet Farewell.

28. The Rev. Hugh Chambers Jones, to Miss Helen Carstairs.

June 1. Capt. Edward Gregory of the 59th, to Miss Harriet Pollen.

2. Capt. J. H. T. Stapleton, of the 3d Guards, to the Hon. Miss Fitzroy.

4. Henry Reed, esq. of Bridgewater, to Miss Scraggs.

6. James Rawdon, esq. of Underbank, near Halifax, to Miss Matilda Sage.

7. J. Letch Martin, esq. of Saffron Walden, to Miss Mary Anne Eliz. Hollingworth.

The Rev. R. Wetherell, of Hereford, to Miss Anne Merewether.

9. Mr. George Hacket, to Miss Sophia Robinson, of Pentonville.

11. John Slater, esq. of Great East Cheap, to Mrs. Green.

14. Joseph Blades, esq. of Fenchurch-street, to Miss Hainworth.

Edward Waddilove, esq. to Miss Eliza Hookey.

15. Capt. J. G. Boss, R. N. to Mrs. Watson.

The Rev. Chas. R. Pritchett, of the Charter-House, to Miss Burder.

18. Chas. Compton Cavendish, esq. to Lady Catharine Susan Gordon.

DECEASED.

May 24. Miss Harriet Rachel Fraser, Clifton,

At Chester, Capt. W. Watts, R. N.

25. Mrs. Lucy White, Lichfield.

26. Viscount Hamilton.

Peter Thompson esq. Surrey-square.

Edw. Coxe, esq. Hampstead Heath.

27. Miss Barnes, Kingsland Road.

Capt. J.W. Wood, Croom's Hill, Greenwich.

28. Lord Auckland.

29. At Malmaison, the Ex-empress Josephine.

31. Sir. Nash Grose, Knt.

June 2. Mrs. Salter, Poplar.

3. Mrs. Askew, New Norfolk-street

Mrs. Johnson, Great Parndon Parsonage, Essex.

4. Viscount Lascelles.

9. Wm. Blackstone, esq. son of the late Sir William.

W. Nodes, esq. Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

12. Harriet, daughter of G. J. Cholmondeley, esq.

14. W. Hall Timbrel, esq. Lewisham.

15. The infant Marquis of Granby.

16. The Earl of Peterborough.

The Rev. H. Ford Ainslie.

T. Puckle, esq. Clapham Common.

18. Chas. Bedford, esq. Stafford Row, Buckingham Gate.

19. H. Dawkins, esq. Portman-square.

21. Mr. Stockdale, bookseller, Piccadilly.

Court Dresses,
worn by Ladies at the Drawing-Room held by Her Majesty, *on the 2d of June.*

Her Majesty—A dress of superb silver tissue, with draperies of beautiful Mechlin lace, trimmed with broad silver net, and ornamented with handsome cord and tassel: the whole formed a most elegant and novel effect. The robe of silver tissue, trimmed with blond, and ornamented with diamonds.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales—An elegant petticoat of rich white satin, with a superb border of the same, and a wreath of silver laurel-leaves tastefully intermixed with white roses; draperies of rich embroidered patent lace, in silver lama, with superb borders formed in festoons, and ornamented in an elegant style with wreaths of silver laurel-leaves and white roses, with rich silver cord and tassels; train of rich striped and fringed silver tissue, tastefully trimmed with silver lama border and rich silver blond lace, and ornamented with beautiful diamonds. Head-dress, a profusion of most beautiful diamonds and ostrich feathers; necklace, ear-rings, armlets, and broach, to correspond.

Princess Augusta—A dress of white crape, richly embroidered in silver, and ornamented with *fleurs de lis;* the draperies most tastefully disposed, and encircled by wreaths of coral, looped together with bunches of lilies, and trimmed with handsome cord and tassels. The *tout-ensemble* formed a most striking and brilliant effect. The robe to correspond. Head-dress, feather and diamonds.

Princess Mary—A dress of rich pink sarsnet, beautifully embroidered with silver, with blond silver draperies, elegantly ornamented with cord and tassel; the whole had an elegant appearance. Robe of silver tissue to correspond. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

The Duchess of York—Petticoat of white satin, with wreaths of gold lilies, covered with drapery of gold lama, richly embroidered in stars, wreathed with lilies to correspond with the petticoat; train of royal purple, trimmed with rich gold fringe; the body ornamented with a profusion of diamonds and topaz. Her Royal Highness, however, was prevented from going to court by a sudden indisposition.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester wore a plain satin dress, richly embroidered with silver.

Princess Ruffo—A dress of peach crape, with beautiful blond draperies tastefully ornamented, with handsome cord and tassels; robe to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Duchess of Rutland—A most magnificent dress, richly embroidered with gold lama mosaic; petticoat of rich white satin, entwined with oak leaves in gold, rich gold cord and tassel; a superb band of diamonds for the waist. The beauty of this truly elegant and superb dress was universally admired, and displayed the usual brilliancy and refined taste of her Grace, who attracted universal admiration. Head-dress, a profusion of diamonds and ostrich feathers, and a diamond plume.

Duchess of Montrose—Yellow satin petticoat, with draperies of patent pearl and cheuille; train, yellow satin and point lace.

Duchess of Athol—Black crape petticoat, richly ornamented with patent pearl; train to correspond.

Dowager Duchess of Rutland—Dress of British lama, embossed in gold; train of satin edged with gold. Feathers and pearls.

Marchioness of Huntly (presented by the Duchess of Richmond)—Petticoat of rich white satin, with an elegant festooned flounce of superb Brussels point lace; draperies of the most elegant Brussels point, tastefully ornamented with diamonds; train of rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with rich Brussels point, and ornamented with diamonds; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, with necklace, bracelets, and ear-rings, to correspond.

Marchioness of Hertford—An elegant petticoat of rich white satin, with a handsome border of satin patent net and beads; draperies of patent lace, with tasteful borders, embroidered in satin and beads, ornamented with rich bead, cord and tassels; train of rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with rich Brussels point lace; head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Marchioness Tavistock—Beautiful dress of white satin, looped up with pearls; ornamented drapery, with blond to correspond. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Marchioness Cornwallis—A dress of blue satin, with crape draperies, elegantly ornamented with flowers, and finished

with cords and tassels; robe of blue satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Marchioness of Bath—White satin petticoat, with draperies of blond and rich gauze; gauze train.

Marchioness of Sligo—White satin petticoat, covered with draperies of rich sprigged lace, tastefully decorated with small Prince's plumes of ostrich feathers; robe of yellow shaded silk.

Countess of Scarborough—Petticoat of rich blue satin, tastefully trimmed with rich blond lace; draperies of patent lace, with elegant border, embroidered in patent pearl and satin, ornamented with flowers; train of rich blue satin, elegantly trimmed with patent pearl and rich blond lace. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess Manners—Petticoat of blue crape, over rich white satin, tastefully ornamented with wreaths of satin flowers; train of blue crape, elegantly trimmed with superb Brussels point lace. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess of Bridgewater—Petticoat of rich white satin, with an elegant border of white satin roses; draperies of patent lace, in *appliqué* of white satin, tastefully ornamented with flowers; train of rich peach-blossom satin, trimmed with rich Brussels point lace. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess of Wemyss—Petticoat of rich white satin, with an elegant border, ornamented with silver tassels; draperies of patent lace, with a rich border and grounding in silver lama, tastefully ornamented with silver flowers, and rich silver cord and tassels; train of rich white satin, with rich silver trimming and blond lace. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess of Effingham—A satin and crape white petticoat, ornamented with wreaths of white lilies, painted on velvet, bouquets of ditto, &c.; robe, figured silk.

Countess of Cholmondeley—A very rich gold lama petticoat over white satin, decorated with gold tassels, &c.; robe of black satin, handsomely trimmed with gold.

Countess of Rothes—Petticoat covered with draperies of crape and silver *appliqué*, and bunches of convolvulus; white figured silk body and train, trimmed with silver.

Countess de Trant—A dress of blue crape, ornamented with beads and tassels; robe of blue satin, trimmed with blond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Chatham—A white satin dress, richly embroidered with gold.

Countess of Ilchester was presented to her Majesty, on her marriage, in a very elegant dress of white satin and blond lace, tastefully ornamented with pearl beads, in fringes and tassels. Her ladyship was universally admired.

Countess of Aboyne—White satin petticoat, with purple gauze draperies; gauze train.

Countess of Aylesford—White satin petticoat, richly trimmed with silver gauze; blue satin train.

Dowager Countess Mansfield—White satin petticoat, with yellow crape draperies; train, yellow crape.

Countess of Cardigan—White satin petticoat, with yellow crape drapery, embroidered with patent pearl; train, yellow satin.

Countess of Plymouth—White satin petticoat, with point lace draperies, fastened with amethysts, superbly mounted in diamonds; train, white satin and point lace.

Countess Euston—White satin petticoat, with crape draperies and bunches of blush roses and white laburnums; train, white crape.

Countess Belmore—White crape petticoat, trimmed with love ribbon; train, white crape.

Countess Clonmell—Rich dress, embroidered in silver lama; white satin train.

Countess of St. Antonio was presented, on her marriage: her dress was peculiarly beautiful, satin embroidered with wreaths of pearls; feathers and diamonds.

Countess Breadalbane was splendidly dressed in brown crape, embroidered in gold.

Countess Guildford—Beautiful dress of English blond over oriental buff satin.

Countess of Lonsdale—A petticoat of white satin, ornamented with silver laced draperies, tastefully sprigged and trimmed with silver blond; a train of yellow sarsnet, superbly embroidered with silver lama; head-dress, a handsome plume of white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Kingston—White net and blond dress, ornamented with beads.

Countess of Meath—British lace dress, over peach satin.

Viscountess Anson—A white rich embroidered satin petticoat in silver and in lilac; satin train richly embroidered, with

a diamond front; white and lilac feathers, with a diamond comb and feather.

Viscountess Newark—Petticoat of peach satin, with an elegant border of net and silver; draperies of patent lace, with rich embroidered border in silver lama, tastefully ornamented with bouquets of flowers, and rich silver cord and tassels; train of peach satin, handsomely trimmed with silver and rich Brussels point lace; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady William Gordon—A rich white satin petticoat, with elegant draperies of rich white striped gauze, tastefully formed in festoons, and ornamented with bunches of jonquilles; train of rich white satin, trimmed with rich Brussels point, and ornamented with diamonds; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Barbara Ashley Cooper—Petticoat of rich white satin, with an elegant border of superb gold blond lace, formed in flounces; draperies of white crape, with grounding and border in gold lama and passing, embroidered in the most elegant style, tastefully ornamented with gold flowers, and rich gold bullion cord and tassels; train of white crape, elegantly trimmed with gold and rich blond lace, ornamented with superb diamonds; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Maria Walpole—Train and petticoat of peach-blossom satin, with white crape draperies, elegantly embroidered in chenille, tastefully fastened up with white flowers. This dress was particularly admired for its simple elegance.

Lady Saye and Sele—Petticoat and train of violet satin, with draperies of rich blond, fastened up with diamonds. This dress was particularly elegant, and much admired.

Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley—White crape petticoat, with a train trimmed and worked in chenille; draperies trimmed with rich Brussels point, fastened up with bows of ribbon; train of amethyst satin, trimmed with point lace; head-dress of feathers and pearls.

Lady Harriet Walpole——Train and petticoat of peach-blossom satin, with draperies of white crape, elegantly embroidered in chenille, tastefully fastened up with white flowers. This dress was particularly admired for its simple elegance.

Lady Ximenes—White satin petticoat, with draperies of crape, drawn up with bunches of stocks.

Lady Charlotte Cholmondeley—White satin petticoat, handsomely embroidered in silver; draperies of the same, intermixed with silver net, and fastened up with bunches of mixed roses.

Lady Claud Hunter—A primrose satin court petticoat, elegantly embroidered with peach-colored silk, &c. scalloped round the bottom, and trimmed with fine Brussels lace, with drapery of rich spotted lace, trimmed the same, suspended with natural flowers; and a rich primrose satin train, embroidered to correspond; head-dress, an elegant plume of white ostrich feathers, with diamonds, &c. The *tout-ensemble* of her ladyship's dress was much admired for its simplicity and elegance.

Lady Knighton—A rich white satin court petticoat, superbly embroidered with lilac silks and chenilles, intermixed with silver cord, &c. a crape drapery, embroidered and trimmed to correspond with fine Mechlin lace, ornamented with sun-flowers, &c.; and a rich white satin train, handsomely embroidered to correspond.

Lady Clarke Jervoise—A lilac satin court petticoat, richly embroidered in silks, chenilles, and pearls; with a rich figured lace drapery, ornamented with beautiful French flowers, and trimmed with fine Brussels lace; the train made of rich figured lace, with a profusion of diamonds, &c.

Lady Catharine Wild Forrester—A buff satin petticoat, embroidered with chenille and velvet; white crape draperies, richly trimmed with fine point lace and patent pearl; train, white crape, trimmed with patent pearl, point lace, &c.; Head-dress, plume of feathers, with ornaments of diamonds, pearls, &c.

Lady Jemima Bentinck—A white crape petticoat, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with gold acorns, &c.; train, purple satin, trimmed with French blond, gold, &c.; head-dress, plume of feathers, with ornaments of diamonds and pearls.

Lady Sitwell—Satin and net petticoat, ornamented with white lilies: robe of satin to correspond.

Lady Barrington—Peach-colored satin petticoat, embroidered with patent pearl; train, peach-colored satin.

Lady Dynevor—Buff satin petticoat, with rich draperies of Brussels lace and patent pearl; train, buff satin and lace.

Lady Douglas—White satin petticoat, with net draperies; train, puce satin.

Lady Hardy—White satin petticoat, &c. &c. same as Lady Euston.

Lady Banks—White satin petticoat,

with draperies, embroidered in gold; train to correspond.

Lady Wynne Belasyse—White satin petticoat, with net draperies and bunches of laburnums and yellow roses; train, white net.

Lady Vyner—White satin petticoat, with blue gauze draperies; train, blue gauze.

Lady A. Scott—White satin petticoat, with net draperies, richly embroidered in patent pearl; train, white net with satin body, richly decorated with point lace and patent pearl.

Lady Duckworth—Lilac satin petticoat, with white crape draperies, embroidered with beads, and fastened with bunches of white lilies; train, lilac satin.

Two Lady Gordons—Pink gauze petticoats, with blond draperies; trains trimmed with blond.

Two Lady Fitzroys—White satin petticoats, with net draperies, embroidered with ribbon; trains, white satin and point lace.

Lady J. Blatchford—White satin petticoat, richly embroidered with ribbon and beads; train, white satin.

Lady L. Graham—Peach-colored petticoat, with net draperies and bunch of primroses; train, peach-colored satin.

Lady Parker—Pink satin petticoat, with draperies of net and silver; train to correspond.

Lady G. Brudenell—Pink satin petticoat, with net draperies, fastened with blush roses and white lilac; net train and pink satin body,

Lady Hart. Legge—White satin petticoat, with floss silk net draperies, fastened with jonquilles; train, floss silk net.

Lady H. Neville—White satin petticoat, with net draperies and bunches of white laburnums; train, white satin and lace.

Lady Mary Lowther—White satin petticoat, with laced draperies, festooned with pink flowers; a train of pink crape, trimmed with lace; head-dress, pink and white feathers, with pearls.

Lady Rolle—A Honiton lace petticoat, over a Blucher sarsnet richly trimmed with myrtle and orange flowers.

Lady M. Oglander—Pink satin petticoat, embroidered with satin ribbon; train, pink satin.

Lady Belton—A black crape dress, elegantly embroidered with bugles.

Lady Catharine Paulett was presented to her Majesty in an elegant dress of silver tissue, ornamented with silver willow. This lady was universally admired.

Lady Diana Herbert—A beautiful dress of white satin, ornamented with pearls.

Lady Rowley—A new and elegant blond lace dress, ornamented with a Russian silk border.

Lady Sophia Barnard—A most elegant embroidered pearl dress, colored border; train to correspond.

Lady Mary Paulett—A delicate drapery of white lace, over satin pearl fringe; border ornamented with Prussian flowers and blue satin. This dress was much admired for elegance and simplicity.

Lady Grantham—Blue satin petticoat, with blue net draperies, richly embroidered with satin ribbon; train, blue satin.

Lady Louisa Gray—Body and train of white satin, trimmed with blond; petticoat of white satin, with draperies of lace, trimmed with blond, and fastened up with cords and tassels.

Lady Lloyd—Body and train of satin, trimmed with point lace; petticoat of the same, with draperies of figured lace, ornamented and tied up with pearls.

Lady Dunalley—Body and train of satin, trimmed with lace and silver; petticoat of the same, with a superb embroidery of lama work in silver, fastened with bunches of silver berries.

Lady Wighram—Body and train of lilac satin, trimmed with lace; petticoat of the same, with draperies of lace, ornamented with ribbons.

Lady Kenyon—Body and train of white satin, trimmed with lace; petticoat of the same, with draperies of lace, trimmed with bugle fringes, and fastened up with cords and tassels.

Lady Clanricarde—Petticoat of yellow satin, trimmed with point lace, and ornamented with ribbons; train to correspond.

Lady Shawe—Body and train of green satin, trimmed with Brussels point lace; petticoat of white satin, covered with draperies of green crape, edged with silver and green wreathing, and tied up with handsome bunches of the same.

Lady Jane Loftus—Body and train of primrose satin, trimmed with blond; petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered with bugles and pearls, and tied up with ropes of the same.

Lady Mellisant Hatchisson—Petticoat of pearl satin, with draperies of the same, tied up with ribbons and flowers; train to correspond.

Lady Louisa Hussey—Blue Muscovian gauze dress, elegantly trimmed with blond.

Lady Bontein—White satin petticoat, superbly draperied with lilac croue, Brussels point, and white lilies and roses.

Lady Arden—Rich Petersburg green satin court train and petticoat, fancifully embroidered in colored wreath drapery; sleeves and pocket-holes embroidered to correspond, and trimmed with rich Brussels point lace.

Lady Tara—An elegantly rich embroidered lama petticoat, ornamented with silver-bows, tassels, &c. &c. robe, lilac satin trimmed with rich pointed fringe; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds with a plume of feathers.

Lady Saltoun—Lilac silver tissue petticoat, trimmed with rich Brussels lace; robe of lilac satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Rycroft—An elegant peach-blossom petticoat, with draperies of Brussels lace: robe to correspond.

Lady Cranstoun—A white satin petticoat, elegantly trimmed with blond lace, and drapery of white Turkish gauze, tastefully embellished with blue-bells and moss-roses, arranged with ropes and tassels of patent pearl; white satin train, trimmed *à la Paris*, with roses of blond and satin; bodice of white satin, trimmed with a profusion of pearls and emeralds; head-dress, diamonds and feathers. This dress was eminently distinguished for its elegant simplicity, and her ladyship looked transcendently lovely and interesting.

Lady Owen displayed much taste in the selection of her dress: it was most magnificently rich. The petticoat of white satin, trimmed in the most novel style: a superb drapery of Brussels lace, embellished with a profusion of laburnum and carnations, the pocket-holes richly trimmed with point lace and bunches of roses and laburnum tied up with silver ropes and tassels; robe of topaz-colored satin, most tastefully embroidered in silver lama, the bodice and stomacher of massive silver; sleeves of point lace, and large ropes and tassels of pearl; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds and ostrich feathers. This elegant dress set off the brilliant complexion of its beautiful wearer to the greatest advantage.

Lady Baynes wore a most novel and elegant dress—a white satin petticoat, richly trimmed with massive silver fringe: drapery of rich floss silk net, trimmed with very broad blond lace, tied up with rich bullion ropes and tassels; the train of Tyrian purple satin, trimmed with blond; bodice richly trimmed with silver; stomacher of white satin richly laced and ornamented with silver tags; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Mary Keating was dressed in black.

Lady Baird—(presented)—A rich white satin petticoat, with an elegant border of white satin and silver tassels; draperies of patent lace, with a superb border of grounding in silver lama, tastefully ornamented with bunches of flowers, and rich silver cord and tassels; train of rich peach satin, elegantly trimmed with silver and rich Brussels lace, ornamented with beautiful diamonds. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers; necklace and bracelets to correspond.

Lady Catharine Osborne, presented by the Duchess of Leeds—Petticoat of rich white satin, with an elegant satin border, *à la Chinoise*; drapery of rich figured blond lace, tastefully formed in festoons, and ornamented with rich satin borderings; train of rich white satin, handsomely trimmed with rich blond lace; head-dress, pearls and feathers.

Lady Elizabeth Lowther—Petticoat of rich blue satin, with a rich border of patent net and silver loops; draperies of patent lace, with a rich border and grounding, in silver lama, elegantly looped up with bouquets of silver flowers and rich silver cord and tassels; train of white patent lace, with blue satin border, elegantly trimmed with silver and rich Brussels point. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers, &c.

Lady Dalrymple Hamilton—A petticoat of rich white satin, with a superb border of rich blond lace and wreaths of yellow satin. Draperies of yellow crape, with elegant border of rich blond lace, tastefully ornamented with wreaths of satin and bunches of jonquilles; train of yellow crape, elegantly trimmed with satin and blond lace, and ornamented with diamonds. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Lady Bromley, jun.—(presented)—White satin petticoat, with elegant draperies in silver lama, ornamented with rich silver cord and tassels; train of white satin, richly embroidered in silver lama, and trimmed with Brussels point lace.

Lady Borlase Warren—Petticoat of rich lavender satin, with elegant draperies, tastefully embroidered in patent pearl and satin, on white patent lace, or-

namented with rich patent pearl, cord and tassels; train of rich lavender satin, elegantly trimmed with patent pearl and rich Brussels point lace, ornamented with diamonds; head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Lady Liddle—Petticoat of rich amber satin, with a border of rich silver fringe, with draperies of the same, elegantly embroidered in silver lama, and tastefully ornamented with flowers; train of amber satin, embroidered in silver lama, and trimmed with rich Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Brownlow—A black crape petticoat, over black satin, trimmed with crape and love ribbon; train of black crape.

Lady Mary and *Lady Elizabeth Campbell* were presented by their mother, the Countess of Breadalbane, in simple dresses of white satin and net.

Lady Hope Vere—A splendid dress, embroidered in lama in wreaths of thistles and net, which had a beautiful effect. She was presented by Lady Melville, on her marriage.

Lady Hannah Hay wore a rich embroidered dress in silver lama, which had a beautiful effect.—Presented by Lady Melville.

Lady Fludyer—A dress of white net, embossed in gold.

Lady Dundas—A handsome dress of peach-blossom satin and net, &c. &c.

Lady Innismore—A beautiful dress of British blond over satin.

Lady Augusta Leith—British lace dress, embroidered in gold lama.

Lady Anstruther—Purple crape dress, embossed in gold.

Lady Dillon—Wore one of the most splendid dresses at court, beautifully embroidered in silver lama on British lace, ornamented with roses of eiglet silver.

Lady Shelley—Dress of white and silver.

Lady C. Durham—A dress of white satin, trimmed with blond.

Lady E. Monk—A beautiful dress, embossed in silver, over primrose satin.

Lady Dungannon wore a rich white satin dress, with net drapery, embroidered in pearl and trimmed with blond. Head-dress, feather and diamonds.

Lady Selina Carr wore a magnificent dress of white net, richly embroidered in silver lama, ornamented with eiglet chains of silver. Presented on her marriage.

Lady Hunlock was presented on her marriage, by Visc. Hampden. Her ladyship was dressed in a splendid dress of silver lama, in wreaths of oak and roses, ornamented with silver rope.

Lady C. Pinden was presented on her marriage, dressed in white and silver.

Lady G. Tickle wore a beautiful dress of white net, embroidered in floss silks, and ornamented in silver.

Lady Mildmay—Beautiful azure blue satin, richly ornamented with blond and white silk rope.

Lady Jane More—Splendid dress of white net, embroidered in wreaths of pearls, ornamented with blond. It was her ladyship's first appearance at court, where she was universally admired.

Lady D. Fleming—Handsome dress of white net, embroidered in gold; robe of violet, satin, and gold lama.

Lady Henry Paulett—Handsome dress of British lace, over peach satin.—Presented on her marriage.

Lady Sheppard—A beautiful dress of white blond and net, trimmed with lama, in slight mourning.

Lady F. Bullen—Rich dress of silver lama on net, over pale pink satin.

Lady E. M'Leod—A dress of purple crape, ornamented with beads.

Lady Elizabeth Montague—White satin petticoat, tastefully ornamented with flowers and blond; draperies of white crape, with groups of flowers, and fastened with pearl chain and tassels; white crape train, trimmed with blond and pearls; head-dress, ostrich feathers and pearls.

Lady Augusta Vane—Superb white satin and lace petticoat, elegantly embroidered; silver lilies, &c.; train to correspond.—Presented.

Lady Welby—Green and gold embroidered petticoat; satin train to correspond.

Lady Mary Lenox—An elegant petticoat of rich white satin, with a tasteful border of satin and beads; draperies of patent lace, with elegant borders, embroidered in satin and beads, ornamented with rich bead cord and tassels; train of rich white satin, trimmed with rich Brussels point; head-dress, diamonds, pearls, and ostrich feathers.

Lady Sarah Lenox and *Lady Georgiana Lenox*—The same.

Lady Eleanor Charteris, presented by the Countess of Wemyss—An elegant petticoat of rich white satin, with a beautiful border of geranium leaves in satin and patent pearls, white satin and chenille, elegantly ornamented with rich patent pearl tassels; train of white patent lace,

elegantly trimmed with patent pearls and rich blond lace; head-dress, diamonds, pearls, and ostrich feathers; neck-lace, ear-rings, and bracelets, to correspond.

Madame Sablechoff—A dress of white satin, with crape draperies, ornamented with band and tassels; robe to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hon. Mrs. William Stewart—A dress of brown satin and crape, embossed in gold

The Honorable Mrs. Anson—A white crape petticoat, with gold border and drapery on purple satin train; trimmed with gold and points.

The Hon. Mrs. West—Petticoat of white crape, richly strewed with spangles, and handsome border at the bottom; draperies of the same, tied up with rich silver cords and tassels; train of yellow satin, trimmed with Brussels point.

The Hon. Mrs. Ramsden wore a body and train of white satin, richly trimmed with silver and handsome Brussels point lace; petticoat of the same, with draperies of lace, richly embroidered in silver and pearl, suspended and fastened up with massy cords and tassels; at the bottom a trimming of silver and pearl stars. This dress was universally admired.

Honorable Mrs. Tennant—White satin petticoat, with white crape draperies, trimmed with blond, and fastened with mixed flowers; white crape train.

Honorable Mrs. Dudley North—White satin petticoat, ornamented with blue crape draperies and white stocks; blue crape train, trimmed with Brussels point.

Honorable Mrs. Bathurst—White satin coat, with blond draperies, ornamented with Spanish roses; the robe to correspond.

Hon. Mrs. Gosling—A dress of blue satin, with blond draperies, ornamented with flowers, cords and tassels; robe to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Honorable Mrs. Calvert—Rich black gauze and satin petticoat; draperies of the same; robe of satin, trimmed with Brussels lace.

Mrs. General Campbell—Rich lilac satin petticoat, and lace draperies over, tastefully decorated with very handsome bunches of lilac, and white lilacs intermixed; robe, lilac satin.

Mrs. Colonel Torrens—A white satin petticoat; draperies of net, embroidered richly with silver sprigs and yellow roses; yellow satin robe, handsomely ornamented with silver.

Mrs. Ponsonby—Lilac satin petticoat, with crape draperies, richly embroidered in bugles; train to correspond.

Mrs. Ross—Patent net petticoat, with white satin draperies; train, yellow satin.

Mrs. Hunter—White satin petticoat, with lace draperies, ornamented with pearl beads; train, white satin.

Mrs. Beeston Long—A black satin petticoat, with crape and net draperies, embroidered with beads; black crape train.

Mrs. Sparks—A handsome petticoat of white satin and crape, with wreaths of embroidered silver lilies, rich cords and tassels of silver; robe, pale lilac satin trimmed with silver.

Mrs. Lambton—A pink net and silver lama petticoat, superbly trimmed with fringes, and silver cords and tassels over white satin; a pink body and train; sleeves most richly decorated with silver in the Spanish style.

Mrs. Vyse—Black satin robe and petticoat, with draperies of black lace, tied up with beads and ribbons.

Mrs. Croker—Black satin robe and petticoat, with full draperies of crape richly trimmed with bead fringes and tassels

Mrs. Edmund Knox—White crape robe and petticoat, richly embroidered with silver moss.

Mrs. H. Cavendish—Pink satin petticoat, ornamented with satin and blond lace; train, pink satin.

Mrs. Marsh (presentation dress)—A rich white satin court petticoat, richly trimmed with broad blond lace and silver; with a lace drapery, trimmed the same, suspended with silver *fleurs de lis*; rich lace train, &c.; head-dress, white ostrich feathers, diamonds, &c.

Mrs. Lune Fri—A dress of gossamer net, with superb silver draperies, ornamented with rolio flower and tassels; robe, yellow crape, trimmed with silver to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Bethell—Body and train of white satin; petticoat of the same, richly strewed with silver, and trimmed with handsome silver fringes, and tied up with cords and tassels.

Mrs. Drax—Petticoat of satin, with draperies of the same, tied up with bunches of ribbon; train to correspond, with point lace.

Mrs. Pole Carew—Body and train of yellow satin, trimmed with lace: petticoat of white satin, richly embroidered with draperies of the same to correspond, and fastened up with cords and tassels.

Mrs Burke—Point satin body and train trimmed with lace: petticoat of the same, with draperies of sprigged lace, ornamented with ribbons.

Mrs. Wighram—(presented, on her marriage)—wore a petticoat of white satin, with draperies of net, richly embroidered in silver, and tied up with handsome cords and tassels; train of white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and silver.

Mrs. Norton was presented, on her marriage, in a magnificent dress of white satin, richly embroidered in silver lama.

Mrs Ramsden—Body and train of violet satin, trimmed with point lace; petticoat of the same, trimmed with blond lace, and tied up with ribbons.

Mrs. Waddington—An elegant white and silver dress; lilac robe, superbly trimmed with silver and Brussels lace.

Mrs. Jephson—A very tasteful and peculiarly elegant dress: the petticoat was of white satin, ornamented round the bottom with large tufts of blond, and bunches of white lilac and pink roses; drapery of rich blond lace with large bunches of lilac and roses; sleeves of blond lace, tastefully arranged, with ropes of pearl; bodice and stomacher trimmed with a profusion of pearl, turquoise, and pink topaz; train of white satin trimmed with tufts of blond and roses; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Mrs. Manners Sutton—A violet satin train and petticoat, covered with Brussels point.

Mrs. G. Anson—A satin petticoat, with white satin and net draperies trimmed with point lace; a rich embroidered tambour train, plume of white and amber feathers, with diamonds.

Mrs. Egerton—A petticoat of blue satin, richly embroidered in prominent silver and floss silk roses, with elegant draperies tastefully designed to correspond; body and train of blue satin, trimed with point and silver rolio; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Mrs. Paul Methuen—Handsome dress of British lace, beautifully embroidered in floss silks, and trimmed with blond.

Mrs. R. M. Mundy—White satin petticoat, with a rich border of blond, intermixed with silver flowers; draperies of rich silver lama, elegantly drawn up with silver wreaths and tassels; white satin train, ornamented with silver, and rich Brussels point; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Walker—A most superb dress and petticoat of rich white satin, embroidered with silver; silver fringe lace drapery, superbly embroidered silver tassels, elegantly trimmed with blond lace.

Mrs. Parker—Rich blue satin dress and petticoat, superbly trimmed with pearl beads, &c.; blue crape draperies, elegantly ornamented with pearl beads, tassels and blond lace.

Hon. Miss F. Addington—A most elegant and graceful embroidered petticoat, bugles and pearls.

The Hon. Miss Townshend—Apricot satin petticoat, ornamented with a broad lace drapery, and rich tassel pearl fringe.

Hon. Miss Perceval—Court train and petticoat of apple-blossom satin, tastefully embroidered with silver drapery of Mechlin lace net, spotted with silver, and tastefully ornamented with laurel wreath, looped up with bunches of lilies; body, sleeves, and pocket-holes, embroidered with silver, and trimmed with point lace.

Hon. Miss Curzon—Rich lilac and white satin court train and petticoat, embroidered round the petticoat with a rich border of silver and velvet wreathing, trimmed at bottom with plaiting net lace, covered with a rich sprig of Mechlin lace; drapery trimmed with lace, and fancifully looped up with white French stocks; body, sleeves, and pocket-holes, embroidered to correspond, and trimmed with point lace.

The Hon. Miss Anson, presented by her mother the Viscountess—A white satin petticoat, with pink drapery embroidered in silver; a pink satin train with silver front: topaz necklace.

The Hon. Miss Frasers—White crape petticoat, ornamented with patent pearl beads and lace, and elegant primrose satin robe; stomacher and sleeves, richly embroidered with beads; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Hon. Miss Haw—A dress of rich blond over pink satin.

Hon. Miss Brudenel—A blue and silver tissue petticoat, with rich silver Spanish fringe; train of the same.

Hon. Miss Petre—White satin petticoat, with net draperies and mixed flowers; train, white crape.

**** We much regret that the narrowness of our limits necessarily obliges us to omit the names and dresses of a considerable number of other ladies, who advantageously displayed their taste on this remarkable occasion.*